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MY YOUTH.

BY J. I. L.

Restore my youth! oh sad appeal and vain;
Its rosy dawn, its sunbeams and its flowers,
Its happy dreaming, give me back again
Its very sorrows, brief as summer showers,
The light and shadow of its golden hours;
Give me back my youth again!

Restore my youth! when in the pleasant shade
Of leaves, in all their flush of summer pride,
I lay at ease within the flowery glade
By white and odorous blossoms canopied,
And pictured hopes that long, long since have died:
Give me my youth again!

Restore my youth! when to the myriad stars,
My child eyes turned in solemn marvelling
And dreamed that throned within their golden cars,
Bright spirits swept the heavens on starlit wing.
Now, now, my soul too much to earth doth sling:
Give me my youth again!

Restore my youth! my youth that is no more,
Its promise dimmed, its simple faith turned cold;
Hushed the familiar tones it knew of yore:
The day-light glory shades of night enfold,
Now that my heart in sorrow hath grown old;
Give me my youth again!

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

DUTCH PUGH'S eyes flashed for a moment, but he said nothing, only glanced at his wife, who met his looks in a troubled way, and then let her eyes fall to the carpet; while Laure went on talking in a playful, bantering manner.

From that night a complete change seemed to have come upon the home of Dutch Pugh. He had more than once determined upon putting an end to the Cuban's stay, feeling at the same time as if he would like to end his life; but reason told him that his feelings were, after all, but suspicions, and perhaps unjust. Under the circumstances, he sought for relief in work, and strove night and day to perfect the arrangements which now fast approached completion. Captain Studwick was to be in command of the large yacht-like schooner that had been secured and was being carefully fitted with the necessaries in stores and machinery. Two of the divers engaged in raising the copper had volunteered to go, and a capital crew had been selected. The cabins were comfortably furnished, there being plenty of space, and places were set apart for the captain's son and daughter, while a gentleman friend—a naturalist—had, on learning from Captain Studwick the part of the world to which the ship was to sail, petitioned hard, and obtained permission to go.

This last gentleman said his object was to collect specimens of the wonderful birds of Central America; but the probabilities are that if he had not been aware that Bessy Studwick was to be of the party, he, being a very bad sailor, would have stayed at home.

By degrees everything necessary was put on board the handsome vessel, and though the ship's destination was kept a secret, and the real object of her mission confined to few, she formed the general topic of conversation in the port, and plenty of exaggerations flew about.

The energetic way in which Dutch worked served to lull to a certain extent the sense of pain that he endured, but he suffered bitterly; and at last it had come to this, that he spent as little of his time at home as possible, returning there, however, at night, faint and weary, but with a heart-sickness that drove away the needful sleep.

It afforded him some gratification, though, to find that Miss Studwick often called at his home; and when, on more than one occasion, she came with her brother to the office, he read in her eyes the deep sympathy that she felt for him, and asked himself why he had not made this woman his wife.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was often quite late that Dutch sat in the office, long after Rasp had grumblingly gone off, with a final stoke at the fire, which afterwards sank and died out; and at such times, in the semi darkness, with the goggle-eyed helmets seeming to stare at him and rejoice in his sufferings, he asked himself what he should do? Whether he should leave home for ever? Whether he should put her away from him, and wait till some time in the far off distance of life when she might, perhaps, come to him, and ask his pardon for the wrong she had done.

"No!" he would exclaim, "I will not believe such evil of her. She is dazzled by this polished scoundrel, and poor, rough I, compare badly with him; for she cannot see our hearts."

Should he end the matter at once?

No, he felt that he could not, for he had nothing but his bare, cruel suspicions to go upon, the greatest of which was that before long Hester would flee with this man, and his home would be wretched.

Wretched? If not wretched already, for all was wretched at home. Hester was low-spirited; for his own part, he rarely spoke; and the Cuban avoided him.

So far, Dutch had indulged in the hope that he might, after all, be deceived himself, when one evening, on entering the little drawing room suddenly, Hester started up, looking confused, and left the room, while the Cuban turned away with a short nod, and walked to the window.

From that hour every spare moment was devoted to watching; for the suspicion grew stronger now that before long, if he did not stay it, his home would be left desolate.

This lasted for some days, when the idea was checked by Laure himself, who, as the time approached for the departure of the expedition, suddenly began to display great interest in the proceedings, so that Dutch felt compelled to own that his ideas of flight must be wrong; in fact, it was as if Laure had divined his thoughts just as he was about to speak to Mr. Parkley, and tell him his suspicions that the Cuban evidently meant to give up the expedition, and, much as it would tear his heart to speak, give the reasons for his belief.

Hardly, though, had he come to the conclusion that he was wrong, when a trifle set him off back in his former way of thinking, for his mind was now a chaos of bewildering fancies, and the slightest thing set his jealous feelings in a blaze.

He would not speak to Hester; he would not take an open, manly way of seeing whether his suspicions were just; but, submitting his better parts to his distorted reason, he nursed his anguish, and so it fell out that one night he found himself watching his own house, in the full belief that his wife's illness in the morning boofre he left for the office was a subterfuge, and that the time had come for her to take some step fatal to her future.

"But I will stop it," muttered Dutch to himself, as, with throbbing pulse and beating temples, he avoided the gate, and, climbing the fence, entered his own garden like a thief.

He had hardly reached the little lawn when he heard the sound of wheels, and, stepping behind a clump of laurels, he stopped, listening with beating heart, for there was food for his suspicions.

As he expected, the fly stopped at the gate; a man in a cloak got out, went hastily up the path, knocked softly at the door, and was admitted on the instant.

Dutch paused, hesitating as to what he should do. Should he follow and enter? No, he decided that he would stay there, and stop them as they came out, for the fly was waiting.

"Where would Hester be now?" he asked himself, with the dimly-seen house seeming to swim before him; and the answer came, as if hissed into his ear by some mocking fiend:

"In her bed-room, getting something for her flight."

Half a dozen steps over the soft grass took him where he could see the window, and, of course, there was a light there; and then—

The blood seemed to rush to his brain, a horrible sense of choking came upon him, and he groaned as he staggered back, for there plainly enough seen was the figure of Hester, her hair hanging loose as she lay back over the arm of a man who was half leading, half carrying her towards the door.

All this in shadow was sharply cast upon the blind, and, with a groan of mingled rage and misery, Dutch rushed towards the house, but only to totter and fall heavily; for it was as though a sharp blow had been dealt him, and for some time he lay there, passive and ignorant of what passed around.

He recovered at length, and lay trying to think—to call to mind what this meant. Why was he lying there on the wet grass, with this strange deathly feeling of sickness upon him?

Then all came back with a rush, and he rose to his feet, to see that the light was still in the bed room, but the shadows were gone.

With a cry of horror he ran to the gate, but the carriage was not there, and he stood listening.

Yes; there was the sound of wheels dying away. No, they had stopped, and he was about to rush off in pursuit, when a hasty step coming in his direction stayed him, for he knew it well, and, drawing back, he let the Cuban pass him, then followed him softly as he stole round the house, going on tiptoe to the dining-room window, where Dutch caught him by the shoulder.

"Ah," he said, laughing, "so our gallant Englishman is on the watch, is he? Does the jealous trembler think I would steal his wife?"

'Dog!" hissed Dutch, catching him by the throat, "what are you doing here?"

"What is that to you, fool!" exclaimed the Cuban, flashing into rage. "Loose me, you madman, or you shall repent it! Curse you, you are strong!"

Blind to everything but his maddening passion, kept back now for so many days, and absorbed by the feeling that he could now wreak his vengeance upon the man who had wrecked his home, Dutch savagely tightened his hold upon his adversary, who, though a strong man, bent like a reed before him. It was no time for reason to suggest that he might be wrong; the idea had possession of the young man's soul that he was stopping an intended flight, and he drove the Cuban backwards, and had nearly forced him back across a garden seat, when Laure, writhing like an eel, got partly free.

"Curse your English brute strength!" he muttered.

And, getting his arm from his cloak, he struck Dutch full on the temple with some weapon, and the young man fell prone on the grass.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKING THE CONTRACT.

FIVE days had passed since the encounter in the garden, and Dutch Pugh had not been back to his home. He had lain for some time stunned from the blow he had received, and then risen half dazed, and, in a wretched, dejected way, made for the town, where, letting himself into the office, he had thrown himself upon the floor, and slept heavily till morning, to the great surprise of the clerks, who found him there when they came.

With an intense desire to hide his anguish from every one, he had given out that he had fallen asleep after being many hours at work, and no notice was taken of his soiled clothes. Then, with the truth gradually oozing out that no flight had been intended, but that for some reason, so Mr. Parkley said, Senor Laure had gone back to his hotel, Dutch worked on superintending till the vessel was ready for the sea.

The stores and machinery were complete for the purpose, and the passengers were on board. Moreover, a brother of Mr. Parkley had been invited to assist in the business during the chief partner's absence: and together Mr. Parkley and Dutch walked down to the dock.

"We had a sort of hint from Bessy Studwick that you haven't been home for some days, Pugh," said Mr. Parkley.

"Don't talk about it, please."

"Well, I won't much," said Mr. Parkley, "for I guess a great deal. It was all my fault, Dutch, my dear boy. I had no business to have proposed such a thing; and believe me, if I had known what a scoundrel the fellow was, I would never have entered into this project with him."

"Pray, say no more," exclaimed Dutch.

"I must, my dear boy—I must; for I want to clear myself. You see, the preparation for this trip means five thousand pounds, and I cannot throw the matter over; the loss is too heavy, or else I would."

"Ah, no, it is impossible," exclaimed Dutch.

"If I had known my man sooner, I would have seen him at Hanover before I would have had any thing to do with him. But, look here, my dear Pugh, I couldn't help hearing a great deal about your domestic trouble. Haven't you been wronging the little woman?"

"If you have any respect or feeling for me, Mr. Parkley, say no more."

"All right, my dear fellow," said the other, with a sigh, "I will not; only act like a sensible man in all things, home and business. Heigho! I really wish I was not going; but the idea of these hidden treasures set me on fire."

Mr. Parkley forgot all his hesitation as they stepped on board and saw how—in spite of the bustle and confusion consequent upon receiving late supplies of fresh meat and vegetables—ship-shape and excellent were Captain Studwick's arrangements. John Studwick was on board, seated upon a wicker chair, and his sister beside him; Mr. Meldon, the young doctor, was leaning over the bulwarks, with a very tall, thin young man, the naturalist friend; the sailors were busy lowering bales and arranging coops for hens; and all was ready for the start—in fact, the dockmen were ready to push the schooner out, and, after a short run behind a tug down the harbor, they would have open channel before them.

There was a goodly concourse of people about the wharves, for the object of the schooner's trip had somehow gained wind; and while some expressed interest and curiosity in the voyage, others laughingly called it a fool's errand.

"Has anybody seen Senor Lorry?" asked Mr. Parkley, at last.

"I had a note from him," said Captain Studwick. "He said he would be down here punctually at twelve. Has his luggage come, Oakum?"

"None on it, sir," said the rough old sailor, pulling his forelock.

"That's strange," said the captain. "When did you see him, Parkley?"

"Last night; and he said he would be aboard in the morning, and glad of it, for he was sick of England."

"Twelve o'clock now," said the captain. "Well, the tide serves; I must give the word for getting out of dock. He must have a longer row for being late. He's sure to come, of course."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Parkley; but he glanced uneasily at Dutch, as if he did not feel sure.

"Ready, there!" cried the captain. "Now my lads, be handy there, cast off those ropes for'ard. Oh, here he is! Hold hard, there!"

"But where's his luggage?" said Mr. Parkley.

"Oh, behind the crowd," said the captain. "Come along, sir, we were going without you."

"Indeed!" said the Cuban, with a smile. "I doubt that. Where would you go?"

"Where Mr. Parkley told me," said the captain. "'Give me the order, I'll find the place. Let's see, Mr. Pugh, we are to send you back in the tug, I suppose?"

Dutch nodded.

"Now, then, for'ard there," cried the captain; "be ready to cast off. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay," came in chorus from the smart, well-picked men.

"Stop!" exclaimed Laure, in a loud voice; and, turning to Mr. Parkley, he pointed to Dutch and said, "That is your partner, is it not, Mr. Parkley ?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And he will share in the profits of this expedition ?"

"Certainly, he will, sir."

"Then, sir, I break our engagement. I shall have nothing to do with the voyage. The matter is entirely off."

"Damn it all, sir!" cried Mr. Parkley, in a passion. "You can't do that."

"But, sir, I have done it," said the Cuban, lighting a cigar.

"What! After I've spent all this money in preparation ?"

"I have told you," said the Cuban, contemptuously.

And he gave a malignant glance at Dutch.

"Mr. Parkley," said Dutch, stepping forward, "my private quarrel with this man shall not stand in your way. All this preparation has been made for the expedition, and my being your partner shall not stop it. Sir, our partnership is at an end."

"Is it ?" said Mr. Parkley, with his teeth set. "No, I'll be hanged if it is!" And as the men gathered round, wondering at what they had heard, he laid his hand on Dutch Pugh's shoulder. "I've proved you, my lad; but I've not proved this man, who at the first touch bends and nearly breaks. We are partners, and mean to stay so; and Mr. Lorry here will have to keep his bond, or I'll soon see what the law says to him."

The Cuban smiled contemptuously.

"Suppose I say it was all a mad dream, and I know of no such place—what then ?"

"Why, you are a bigger scoundrel than I took you for."

"Sir!" cried the Cuban, menacingly.

"Oh, you want to frighten me with your big looks, sir," cried Mr. Parkley. "Now, then, I ask you in plain English, will you fulfil your undertaking, and show me the place where the old Spanish galleons are sunk ?"

"No," said the Cuban, coolly. "I will not help to enrich my enemy."

And he again looked indignantly at Dutch.

"Mr. Parkley," exclaimed the latter, "I cannot see all this costly enterprise ruined because of my private trouble with this villain."

"Villain!" cried Laure, confronting Dutch, whose face flushed, and whose hands were half raised to seize his enemy.

"Be silent," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "I've that within me that I can hardly control. If you rouse it again, by the God who made me I'll strangle you, and hurl you over the side!"

The Cuban involuntarily shrank from the menacing face before him, and Dutch by a strong effort turned to Mr. Parkley.

"Make terms with him, sir. I will not stand in your way."

"Yes, I'll make terms with him," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, angrily. "Now, sir, I ask you again, will you fulfil your contract ?"

The Cuban half-closed his eyes, puffed forth a ring of smoke, and said, quietly:

"In my country, when one man strikes another, the insult is washed out in blood. Your bold partner there has struck me, a weaker man than himself, and I cannot avenge the insult; for you cold islanders boast of your courage, but you will not equalize the weak and strong by placing the sword, the knife, or the pistol in their hands. You say no; that is the law. You call in your police. Fools! cowards! do you think that will satisfy me ?"

"Did Mr. Pugh strike you, then ?" said Mr. Parkley.

"Yes, three cruel blows," hissed the Cuban, with his face distorted with rage.

"Then you must have deserved it," cried Mr. Parkley.

"You think so," said the Cuban, growing unnaturally calm again. "Then I say I must have satisfaction somehow. Your partner makes me his enemy, and you must suffer. I shall not fulfil my contract. I will not take you where the galleons lie. You have made your preparations. Good. You must suffer for it, even as I suffer. I give up one of the dreams of my life. I will not go."

A pang shot through Dutch Pugh's breast; for in this refusal to depart he saw an excuse to remain in England, and once more the hot blood rose to his face.

"You absolutely refuse, then, to show Captain Studwick and me where the objects we seek are hid ?" said Mr. Parkley, turning up his cuffs, as if he meant to fight.

And the Cuban's hand went into his breast.

"I absolutely refuse," cried the Cuban, disdainfully.

"You know, I suppose, that you forfeit half the result ?" said Mr. Parkley.

"Yes," said the Cuban, moving towards the gangway, "I know I lose half the result."

"You know I have spent five thousand pounds in preparations ?" said Mr. Parkley, calmly.

"Yes," sneered the Cuban, "and you have your law. Go to it for revenge; it may please you."

"No," said Mr. Parkley, looking round at the frowning faces of his friends. "That means spending another thousand to gain the day, and nothing to be obtained of a beggarly Cuban adventurer, who has neither money nor honor."

"Take care!" cried Laure, flashing into rage, and baring his teeth like some wild-cat. But the next instant, with wonderful self command, he cooled down, standing erect, proud and handsome, with his great black beard, halfway down his breast. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "the English diving master is angry, and stoops to utter coward's insults."

"I'll show you, Mr. Lorry, that I am no coward over this," said Mr. Parkley, firmly. "You mean to throw us over, then, now that we are ready to start ?"

"You threaten to throw me over," said the Cuban, smiling disdainfully. "If you mean do I still refuse to go, I say yes—yes—yes! You and your partner shall never touch a single bar of the treasure. Ha! ha! What will you do now ?"

"Go without you," said Mr. Parkley, coolly. "Captain Studwick, see that this man goes ashore."

The Cuban was already close to the gangway, but he turned sharply round, and took a couple of steps towards the last speaker.

"What!" he said, with a look of apprehension flashing out of his eyes. "You will go yourself, without one to guide you ?"

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley; "and if you went down on your knees now to beg me to take you, hang me, sir, you've broke your contract, and I wouldn't take you!"

"Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!" laughed the Cuban, derisively, as he quickly recovered his composure. "A beggarly threat! Do you not know that it took me five years of constant toil to make the discovery; and you talk like this ?"

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley. "It took a beggarly mongrel foreigner five years, no doubt; but it would not take an enterprising Englishman five weeks."

The Cuban's hand went into his breast again as he heard the words "beggarly mongrel foreigner," and Captain Studwick grasped a marlinspike, ready to strike his arm down if he drew a weapon; but the rage was crushed down directly, and Laure laughed again derisively.

"Go then fools, if you like! But I know it is an empty threat. Ha! ha! ha! Go alone. A pleasant voyage, Senor Parkley, and you, too, Senor Captain. You will perhaps find me there before you."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Parkley. "But go I will, and hang me if I come back till I have found it."

"Well, for the matter o' that, Master Parkley and Captain Studwick," said a rough voice, "if it means putting the schooner at anchor where them Spanish galleons was sunk in the Carib Sea, if you'll let me take the wheel, and you'll find fine weather, I'll steer you to the very spot."

CHAPTER IX.

POLLO'S EVIDENCE.

"WHAT ?" shrieked the Cuban, rushing forward with outstretched hands, but only to control himself directly, and smiled contemptuously.

"I say as I'll clap this here schooner right over two or three spots where old ships went down, and also off the coast where one on 'em lies buried in the sand, all but her ribs and a few planks," said the old sailor, Sam Oakum.

"He's a liar—a cheat. Bah!" exclaimed the Cuban, with contempt.

"I wouldn't adwise you to say them sorter things, gov'nor," said Oakum, quietly. "I know'd a chap as rubbed the skin off the bridge of his nose wunst, and blacked both his eyes agin my fist, for saying less than that."

"Bah!" said the Cuban, snapping his fingers.

"And do you know, Oakum ?" exclaimed Mr. Parkley, eagerly. "Can you prove it ?"

"If anybody would pass a man a bit o' 'bacco, I could, I dessay," said the old fellow, quietly. "Thanky, mate. Just pass the word for Pollo to come aft, will you ? He's in the galley."

A sailor, who had given Oakum the tobacco, ran forward, while all waited in breathless attention—the Cuban standing like a statue, with folded arms, but, in spite of his apparent composure, smoking furiously, like a volcano preparing for an eruption.

The sailor came back directly.

"Says he's cooking the passengers' dinner, and can't leave it, sir," said the sailor.

"Tell the cook to come here directly. I want him," exclaimed the captain, sternly.

And the sailor ran off, returning with Pollo, the black cook, rubbing his shiny face.

"I speck, sah, if de rose meat burn himself all up, you no blame de cook, sah," he said.

"No, no, Pollo; only answer a question or two."

"Yes, sah: d'reckly, sah."

"Look ye here, Pollo, old mate," said Oakum; "you and I have had some rum voyages in our time, old nigger."

"You call me old mate, sah," said Pollo, angrily. "I answer hundred tousan queshtum. You call me nigger, sah, I dam if I say nodder word."

"It's all right, Pollo—I won't any more. You're a colored gentleman; and, though I chaff you sometimes, I know that I can always depend on you, fair weather or foul."

The black nodded, showed his white teeth, and his eyes twinkled.

"Now, look here, Pollo, old man; do you remember being in the little brig off Caraccas, when we had the gold ?"

"Yes, sah, I membah well; and membah when we had de tree hundred lilly women aboard de big ship, and de big horse alligator woman. Yah! yah! yah!"

"So do I, Pollo; but what did we do when we were in the brig ?"

"Catch de fish," said Pollo.

"To be sure we did; but what did we find lying down fathoms deep in the clear water ?"

"You mean de ole 'Panish gold ship, sah ?"

"There!" said Sam Oakum, turning round with a grim smile upon his mahogany face, "aint that there corroborative evidence, sir ?"

"We find two ole ship, sah, and one on de shore," said Pollo, volubly; "and I dibe down, sah."

"Did you find anything ?" said Mr. Parkley, eagerly.

"No, sah, him too deep down, but I membah perfect well, sah, all about 'em. All 'Panish ship, sah."

"That will do, Pollo," said Mr. Parkley. "Now go and see to the dinner. By the way, Pollo, will you come into the cabin after dinner, and join Mr. Oakum in drinking a glass of wine to the success of our voyage ?"

"I hab great pleasure, sah," said the black, with his eyes twinkling.

And as he went away bowing and smiling, Mr. Parkley turned to the Cuban.

"Now, Mr. Lorry, or Laure, or whatever your name is, will you have the goodness to step ashore ? This is my ship, and this expedition belongs to me and my partner. You have refused to carry out your contract before twenty witnesses, and now you see that I can do without you."

"But," said Laure, "the man is mad. He cannot take you; but I will not carry my revenge so far. Make me a good concession, and I will consent to go."

"I thank you, Senor Laure, for endorsing the statement of an old friend, Oakum, and the ship's cook; and since you are so kind, I will make you a concession."

"You consent ?" said the Cuban, more eagerly than he intended.

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley. "You shall be allowed to walk off the ship, instead of being kicked off. Captain Studwick, see that man off this deck."

A look that was almost demoniacal overspread the Cuban's face, and, shaking his fist menacingly, he stepped on to the wharf and disappeared through the crowd.

"Now, then," said Mr. Parkley, triumphantly—"we are ready. Captain Studwick, westward ho! Hallo, what now ? What is it, Rasp ?" as that individual came panting up.

"Are you sure as you've got all your company aboard ?" said Rasp

"Yes, I think so Eh, captain ?"

"My crew is all right, certainly," said the captain. "I don't know anything about yours."

"To be sure, I did not think to look after them, after they had promised to be aboard in good time. Where are John Tolly and James Morrison ?"

"What, them ?" said Oakum. "Oh, they came aboard at nine this morning."

"Yes," said one of the sailors: "but they went ashore again about ten—I saw 'em go."

"There," said Rasp; "where would you have been without me ? I see John Tolly go by the office half an hour ago, so drunk he could hardly walk, and Morrison as well, and—"

"Tut, tut, tut! we must have them," exclaimed Mr. Parkley. "The scoundrels! to deceive us like this. Pugh, come ashore; we must get the police to help us."

"Then we shall not sail to day," said the captain, with a shrug. "Never mind, we shall have the more time for getting shipshape."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Parkley, eagerly; "we shall soon be back."

The captain shook his head, for he knew better; and night had fallen, and no more had been seen of the two divers on whom so much depended.

As the day wore on, Mr. Parkley and Dutch returned to the ship two or three times, to report progress, if such it could be called, for nothing was heard of the two divers.

"Dutch Pugh," said Mr. Parkley, on one of these meetings, "I shall never forgive myself. Here am I, as I thought, such a business-like man, and what do I do but go and forget to look after the mainspring of my works. I fit all my wheels together, and then, when I want to wind up, there's no springs. What should we have done without divers ?"

CHAPTER X.

THE night closed in without success, and a little party assembled in the cabin; for as the ship might sail at any time, those who occupied the place of passengers felt that it was hardly worth while to return ashore. Mr. Parkley kept a bright face on the matter, but it was evident that he was a good deal dispirited; though he chattered merrily enough, and talked to John Studwick and his sister of the beauties of the land they were about to visit.

"If we get off, Mr. Parkley," said John Studwick, quietly.

"Get off, sir—why, of course we shall. Those two scoundrels will come off to-morrow morning penniless, and with sick headaches. The rascals!"

Mr. Parkley was reckoning without his host; for at that moment the two divers, each with twenty pounds in his pocket above the advance pay he had drawn, were on their way to London, and the man who had given the money was now forward in the darkest part of the deck, crouched beneath the high bulwarks of the large three-masted schooner, whispering with one of the men.

Their discussion seemed to take a long time; but it ended in the other man of the watch joining them, and the conversation still went on.

It was interrupted by the coming on deck of Captain Studwick, and silence ensued: while the captain took a turn round the deck, and gave an eye to the siding lights, for, as evening had come on, the vessel had been warped out of dock, and lay a couple of hundred yards out in the great estuary, fast to one of the buoys.

"We might have some of the lads taking a fancy to go on shore," he had said to Mr. Parkley, when he had complained of having to take a boat to come off; "and we shall be all the more ready to drop down with the tide. I don't want to find my crew like yours to morrow morning—missing."

Finding all apparently quite right, and the lanterns burning brightly, Captain Studwick took another turn round the deck, peeped down into the forecastle, where the men were talking and smoking; then went right forward and looked over at the hawser fast to the buoy, said a word or two of warning to the men, and went below.

It was now ten o'clock and excessively dark—so dark that it was impossible to see across the deck, and the lights hoisted up in the rigging seemed like great stars. The buzz of conversation in the forecastle had grown much more subdued, and then suddenly ceased; though a dull, buzzing murmur could be heard from the deckhouse, where the dim light of a smoky lantern, hung from the roof, shone upon the bright cooking apparatus with which the place was furnished, and upon the glistening teeth of Pollo, the black, and Oakum, the old sailor, both smoking, and in earnest converse.

"Yes, Pollo," said Oakum, "it seemed to bring up old times, and some of our vyges; so I thought I'd come and have a palaver before we turned in."

"I glad to see you, Mass' Sam Oakum, sah, I hope you often gin me de pleasure ob your company during de voyage. I 'spect you, Mass' Oakum, and you always 'spect color genium, sah, dough we use quarrel some time."

"Only chaff, Pollo."

"Course it was, only chaff, and nuffum at all. And now I tink ob it, I have 'plendid 'rangement here for de cooking; and when, by an' by, you find de beef too salt, and the biscuit too hard, juss you drop in here, sah, after dark, and Pollo most likely find lilly bit ob somefin nice leff from de cabin dinner."

"Thanky, Pollo, thanky," said Oakum. "But what do you say, old shipmate, I think we can find the old galleons again ?"

"I quite 'tent, sah, to put dis ship in de hands of such sperienced navigator as Mass' Sam Oakum, who know all ober de world quite perfeck. You tink we sail in de morning ?"

"If they catch them two skulking scoundrels of divers, Pollo. I'd just like to rope's end that Mr. John Tolly. Gets three times the pay o' the other men, and is ten times as saucy."

"'Top!"

"Eh ?" said Oakum.

"What dat, Mass' Oakum, sah ?" said the black, whose eyes were rolling and ears twitching.

Oakum listened attentively for a few moments, and then went on.

"Nothing at all, my lad, that I could hear."

"I sure I hear somefin, sah. Let's go and see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATEST SWINDLE.—A Western paper gives as the last "confidence" dodge an account of the pretended suicide of a well dressed young man, who after writing to the landlord that he had taken poison, receives the consolations of a clergyman, the stomach pump of a doctor, $25 from sympathizing friends, and then leaves on the first train to lie at the point of death somewhere else.

THERE has been the greatest difficulty in inducing the Duchess of Edinburgh to go over and take up her adode in England for a few weeks, though the Queen had intimated the propriety and reassuring effect of such a measure. She idolizes her father, and does not love the English Court. The latter fully reciprocates this sentiment.

FOUR YEARS.

BY T. S.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down
Said I, mournfully: Though my life is in its prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;
Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown;
It is the hot midsummer, when the hay is down.'

At the midsummer, when the hay was down
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,
With the first white bind-weed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch-bows—all in her simple gown;
And it was rich midsummer, and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west;
Red-eyed, the sun out-glared, like a knight from a leagured town,
That eve, in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down,
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying: "God shield her till we meet in Paradise;
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy and crown;"
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

That Sovereign.

BY E. F. ARCHER.

MY story begins in a quiet little room whose window overlooked a retired street in a large town. As there was only a week before Christmas, the street was, perhaps rather more lively than usual, and a young woman, sitting at the window, watched the people passing and repassing in the light of the winter afternoon. It may give some insight into Harriet Varleigh's character when we learn that she could spare a few kindly thoughts to these passersby, although her mind was fully occupied with trials and perplexities of its own.

Byeandby there was a rattle of wheels in the street, and then a handsome carriage stopped at Mr. Varleigh's door. A lady and a little girl languidly disencumbered themselves of their fur rugs and descended,' not unconscious that they were attracting some notice. Harriet went to meet them on the threshold.

"Cold weather, isn't it, Harriet?" said Mrs. Hardy, kissing her sister. "But Adeleide and I are fond of fresh air, and we would not use the brougham to-day. How are father and mother?"

"Not in very good spirits, Lydia," Harriet answered. "But they will be glad to see you "

The value of one of Mrs. Hardy's diamond rings would have purchased all the furniture and simple ornaments in that little parlor, and yet there was always an air of comfort about the room. Perhaps Lydia wondered why it was that her own satin and velvet-covered chairs and costly tables did not make her grand house look more like a home. But there were no such thoughts as these in the mind of her daughter; Adelaide looked about her, and marvelled for the hundredth time, how grandfather and grandmother and Aunt Harriet could live in that poky place.

"Well, father," said Lydia, taking a chair by the old man's side, "this failure of Belment's is a terrible business. "It's a great blow for you and dear mother."

"Yes, Lydia, yes," responded Mr. Varleigh, patiently, "I've been his head clerk for sixteen years, ever since my own failure, you know, and he knows that I served him faithfully. It's a hard thing for a man of my age to be thrown out of employment."

"I wish my husband had a place to offer you," said Mrs. Hardy, with evident sincerity.

"I shouldn't like Mark to turn away any of his people on my account," Mr. Varleigh replied. "It would not be fair, Lydia. I don't think, however, that I shall find anything to do in this town; it seems to me that my work here is done."

"But, father, where would you seek employment if not here?" asked Lydia, in a troubled tone. "You surely will not go among strangers?"

"Your mother and I have been talking the matter over," he answered; "and last week I wrote to Mr. Powell, the silk mercer, asking if he had room for me in his establishment. You know that he is one of my oldest friends. Well, his answer came this morning, and he says neither yes nor no, but tells me to come up to-morrow, and adds that he should like to see his god child again."

"And you are going, father? And Harriet too?" said Lydia.

She had gone out with plenty of money in her pocket, and was coming home with exactly one sovereign in her purse. Something (what was it?) prompted her to slip that sovereign into her sister's hand as she said good-bye. But she resisted the impulse.

"It's bitter weather for a journey," Lydia remarked. And then she glanced at Harriet, sitting by the window in her well-worn serge gown.

Now Harriet was a daily governess, and had by no means a liberal salary. The sum that the journey would cost was a mere trifle to the rich brewer's wife, but it was a serious one to the poor teacher.

"Good-bye, Harriet," she said; "you will find it very cold in the train to-morrow. I advise you to have a foot-warmer."

It did not strike Lydia as the carriage rolled on out of that quiet street, that it is a fearful thing to wrestle with one's good angel and conquer him.

If Harriet had entertained a faint hope that Lydia might have spared a coin to her sister out of her abundance, it was resigned with a sigh. Harriet was no longer a very young girl, and she had learnt to live her life, and make the best of it. After Mrs. Hardy's departure she went up stairs, and counted her money—not a difficult task. And then, with this spread out upon her little dressing table, she foolishly fell to building castles in the winter twilight. If she had only had talent enough, now, to become an artist like Frank Darby!

She remembered how, in her school days, she had been the favorite of old Darby, the drawing master. The other girls laughed at her sometimes for her courtesy and attention to the old man who had been shabby in his dress and reserved in manner. They laughed still more when, on Saturday afternoons, Harriet spent her leisure hours in going to the drawing master's home, and ministering to his young daughter, who was dying of consumption. There was a son in that home, seven or eight years older than Harriet, who regarded the kind hearted girl as somebody very little lower than the angels. Well, the daughter died; Harriet left school, and then came Lydia's marriage, closely followed by the change in Mr. Varleigh's circumstances. Of late years, Harriet, in her teacher life, had heard and read of one Frank Darby, who was fast becoming a famous artist, and wondered if he could really be the old drawing master's son.

The journey to the city was not a very pleasant one. The travelers rose and dressed in the darkness of a winter morning, and started before the day fairly dawned.

Reaching his destination, they found Mr. Powell in a well furnished parlor at the back of his palace of plate glass. The silk mercer received them very kindly, and looked at Harriet with a fatherly interest. Mr. Powell concluded his business in a short time. After a few questions and answers, he agreed to engage Mr. Varleigh as a clerk in his establishment, and the salary he offered was better than Harriet's father had received from his former employer.

In all the city there were not, perhaps, two gladder hearts than the pair that were so heavy in the morning. Then too, Mr. Powell had told Harriet that he thought he could get her the post of daily governess in the family of his married daughter, so that her cup of happiness was full indeed. So she was wont to say, long afterwards, that light hearts make careless feet. The wide pavement was a little slippery that day, and Harriet, taking small heed of her steps, suddenly measured her length on the stones.

Poor Mr. Varleigh uttered a cry of alarm; but before he could offer his aid, Harriet was raised by a stronger arm than his. She stood up, blushing and confused, to meet the gaze of a pair of familiar eyes, whose steady look still further disconcerted her.

"I hope you are not hurt," said an equally familiar voice.

"Not in the least, thank you." she answered, hastily brushing the skirt of her much-enduring serge gown.

"I can't be mistaken," said the voice again. "It surely is Miss Varleigh!"

"Yes; and you are Mr. Frank Darby," she responded, brightly. "Oh, how strange that we should meet in this way! Mr. Darby—my father."

Mr Varleigh had never heard of Mr. Darby in his life, but he was in that happy mood which renders a man cordial to everybody. The three walked along Oxford street as naturally as if they had been in the habit of meeting every day.

"I knew you at once," said Frank Darby to Harriet; "you are very little altered."

Now, it is pleasant to a woman who is on the wrong side of five and twenty to be told that she looks much the same as she did at seventeen. And poor Harriet, who had had her full share of the wear and tear of life, was quite comforted and heartened by that little speech.

"And you are a great artist now, are you not?" she asked, simply.

"Well, I believe I'm getting up the world's ladder,,' he answered, smiling. "But climbing is hard work."

"And your father?" she questioned, timidly.

"The dear old man is at rest, Miss Varleigh. He lived long enough, however, to see my early difficulties all conquered. He never forgot you and your kindness to our poor Alice."

As Frank said this his firm voice trembled a little. Success had neither hardened his heart nor made him anxious to forget his humbler days. And then, in a few words, Harriet told him of the changes that she had known, and of their plans for the future.

"So you are coming to live in London," he said, in a glad tone. "You will let me have your address, Miss Varleigh, I hope, and allow me to call upon you."

She gave the required promise, and they parted; Harriet going back to her home in a pleasant state of excitement which was very unusual in her quiet life. It was a happy little party that gathered round Mr. Varleigh's humble supper-table that night, and the mother could not help remarking that the daughter looked all the fresher for the journey.

So light was Harriet's heart when she retired to rest, that she lay awake for very thankfulness and joy.

But Mrs. Hardy, in her luxurious house, was restless and irritable, tormented by the sting of a neglected duty. There was still enough good left in Lydia to make her dissatisfied with herself.

The married daughter shed many tears when her parents and sister took leave of her. She had no parting gift for Harriet; but Harriet was no longer in need of her aid.

Harriet liked her new place and one morning, when all the trees were in the fresh leafiness of early summer, she was taking her daily walk to the Barlands' house. Nor was it any surprise to the little governess to see Frank Darby coming towards her; the busy artist had already had two hours of hard work, and was refreshing himself, as he often did, by a walk after breakfast.

But there was something in his greeting that morning that sent the color to her cheeks. Harriet looked anywhere but into his face—away to the trees and the stately houses—and then silently scolded herself for being such a goose.

"I came out on purpose to meet you, Miss Varleigh," said straightforward Frank. "There is a question that I long to ask you. I wanted to ask it years ago, but I didn't dare to do so. Can you guess what it is?"

"No," replied Harriet, recklessly telling a terrible fib.

"Well, then, it's just this. Do you love me a little, Harriet? No, I don't mean a little, but well enough to marry me?"

Now, Harriet was not wholly unprepared for this question, and yet, when it was asked, it positively took away her breath. There was a short silence before she recovered the power of speech.

"I think I do," she answered at last. "Yes; I'm sure I do, Frank."

Before autumn set in there was a quiet wedding at a West-end church. Mrs. Hardy and her husband were present at the ceremony; but Lydia's face looked worn and old, and Mark had a jaded aspect, which did not escape Harriet's notice.

Years passed away, and Harriet and Lydia met very seldom. Two little children had come to the house in Regent's Park; and the sons and daughters in Lydia's home had outgrown toys and dolls, and were giving themselves the airs of grown-up people. Meanwhile, neither the Varleighs nor the Darbys knew how badly things were going on with the Hardys.

It was a very commonplace story, after all—the story of a self-willed man who knew that he must in the end reach the bottom of the hill, and yet would not be checked in his career. If Lydia expostulated, her words only served to make him more reckless; and at length she held her peace in sheer despair, and let him go his way. That one led him to ruin.

Lydia sat alone in her pretty boudoir, too miserable to weep, and too weary to think. Mark had gone up to town to face one or two of his principal creditors. Lydia had received a letter from him by that morning's post, asking her to come and join him. But he had quite forgotten one important fact, and that was that Mrs. Hardy had scarcely any money, even a sovereign in her possesion. She had not the means to go to her husband.

Suddenly the scene in her father's house years before came to her mind. That sovereign! Then, as now, she had one gold coin remaining in her purse; and then, as now, certain Bible words were ringing in her ears: but they were not the same words.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; *For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.*"

Her head was bowed upon her hands, and her whole frame was so shaken with sobs that she did not hear the opening of the door. It was not until an arm was put tenderly round her shoulders that she looked up. Harriet was by her side.

She had not the means to go to her husband.

"Dear Lydia," she said, "Mark came last night and told us all. I have come to take you and the children back to town with me. I daresay you have forgotten our old servant Elizabeth. At our suggestion Mark has written to her, telling her to come and take charge of the house till your return. Don't break down, Lydia; all will be well yet."

Harriet was silent for a moment. She remembered how, at that time, she had thought it more than possible that a day like this might come to her sister.

"Lydia," she answered at last,
get the first clear glimpse of our
it is always an agonizing mome
lives. But it is the most blessed moment that we can know on this side of the grave."

Just as the winter dusk had set in, Mrs. Darby and her charges quitted the great luxurious house, and started for London.

"On earth, peace," said Harriet to her sister on their arrival. "Be assured, Lydia, that this "peace" is meant for you."

And truly, from that time, peace entered Lydia's soul, and kept her calm when she was called upon to begin life anew. Seeing her so brave and steadfast, Mark borrowed his wife's courage, and put his shoulder to the wheel with such energy that he partly resigned his old standing in the commercial world. But the grand house and furniture, and the carriages and horses, were sold; the Hardys were forced to content themselves with living in a humble style, and those who loved them best saw that they and their children were all the better for these changes.

And to this day Lydia Hardy tells her grandchildren that the good angel she had driven away came back to her on a Christmas Eve.

SIBERIAN EXILE.

A Russian convict never knows until he reaches Siberia what sort of life is in store for him; for in pronouncing sentence of hard labor the judge makes no mention of mines. If the convict has money or influential frinds, he had better use the time between his sentence and transportation in buying a warrant which consigns him to the lighter kinds of labor above ground; otherwise he will inevitably be sent under earth, and never again see the sky until he is hauled up to die in an infirmary.

The convicts are forwarded to Siberia in convoys, which start at the commencement of spring, just after the snows have melted and left the ground dry. They perform the whole journey on foot, escorted by mounted Cossacks, who are armed with pistols, lances, and long whips; and behind them jolts a long string of springless tumbrils, to carry those who fall lame or ill on the way. The start is always made in the night, and care is taken that the convoys shall pass through the towns on their road only after dark.

Each man is dressed in a gray kaftan, having a brass numbered plate fastened to the breast, knee-boots, and a sheep-skin bonnet. He carries a rug strapped to his back, a mess-tin and a wooden spoon at his girdle.

The women have black cloaks and hoods, and march in gangs by themselves, with an escort of soldiers, like the men, and two or three female wardens, who travel in carts.

In leaving large cities, like St. Petersburg, all the prisoners are chained with their hands behind their backs, but their fetters are removed outside the city, except in the case of men who have been marked as dangerous. These have to wear leg-chains of four pounds weight all the way, and some of the more desperate ones are yoked by threes to a beam of wood, which rests on their shoulders, and is fastened to their necks by iron collars. Nobody may approach the men to inspect them.

The Cossacks crack their whips loudly to warn persons off, and scamper up and down the line with lanterns tied to their lance-point, which they lower to the ground every moment to see if letters have been dropped.

Murderers, thieves, Nihilist conspirators, felon clergymen, mutinous soldiers, and patriotic Poles, all tramp together as fast as they can go and perfectly silent.

Then come the women, shivering, sobbing, but not daring to cry out, because of those awful whips.

A QUEER LITTLE BEAST.—The Norwegian lemming is an animal about the size of a mouse. It lives under stones in the summer, under snow in the winter. It hisses and bites. About once in ten years they immigrate in large armies. They march in a straight line. They cross lakes and rivers. They go through haystacks rather than go around. Nothing stops them, not fire, cascades, nor swamps. If man stands in the way they will jump at him as high as a knee. If struck they will turn around and bark and bite like a dog. Foxes, lynxes, owls, hawks, and weasels will follow them and destroy large numbers of them, but it does not check them. They continue their course until they reach the sea, into which they plunge, as persistent and progressive as ever, until the waves drown and exterminate them.

COMPENSATION.—I think, says an old bachelor, that every husband should see that his wife has enough spending money. A servant who, though she work hard, has none of the cares of the household on her mind, receives a certain amount of money for service, but many wives and daughters have very little change which they dare call their own. Is this generous, or even just? I think not. The dull and tiresome routine of work in the house wears on the spirits as well as the muscles, and some substantial encouragement should be shown to the overworked woman.

LOVE'S SEASON.

Love called a little maid
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By and by," she mocked reply—
"Love's not in season."

Years went—years came—
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Not so coy," urged the boy—
"List in time to love and reason."
"By-and-by," she mused reply—
"Love's still in season."

Years went—years came—
Light changed to shadow;
Love saw the maid again
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more—my dream is o'er—
I can listen now to reason."
"Keep thee coy," whispered the boy—
"Love's quite out of season."

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

MADELINE shivered as he spoke.

"I cannot do that," she said. "I never mean to do it. You do not know what dire ruin it would bring down on other heads."

"That can't be helped," replied Maurice impatiently, "the law must take its course, and we must do our duty all the same."

"I do my duty in being silent," said Madeline, resolutely. "And I am determined I will not help the law to do any of the atrocious cruelties it commits in the name of justice."

This as a barrister—a practical man sufficiently pleased with the laws as he found them—was hard for Maurice to bear. He looked on her romance with a pity greatly akin to contempt.

"Madeline," he cried, "while your peculiar notions remained abstractions, puzzling only your own mind, I could endure them patiently, but you cannot now suppose that I, a man, can be set aside from duty by the high-flown romance of a girl. If you do not tell me who this man is, and relate every circumstance connected with your discovery of him, I shall look on you as mad."

"You have known me nearly all my life," said Madeline, clasping both her hands tenderly on his shoulder; "why should you deem me mad now; because I put in practice the theories which you have known me always to possess?"

"I won't argue with you," returned Maurice, lightly shaking her hand away. "We are not in Utopia. The English law demands that an assassin should be given up to justice, and I mean to enforce it. Not for one single instant will I connive at the villain's escape—such a cunning, far-seeing villain, too, who has gone scot-free for so many years, while an innocent man has suffered for his crime, and lies now in a shameful grave. Madeline, do you leave me to take your father's part more warmly than his child? Do I care more for him than you do?"

Her heart swelled, her cheeks crimsoned as he spoke, and yet, with a vision of Crehylls rising before her eyes, and the shrunken figure of Mr. Lanyon, bent by long remorse, pictured painfully on her brain, she felt the justice she had done was sharp enough. Maurice's words would apply to a common ruffian, but not to a man like Lord Crehylls; the punishment meted out to him was already dire. A coarse prison, and chains, and the hangman's hands, should not touch him; these would be revenge, not justice.

"Maurice," she said, sadly, "if clearing my father's name would take the blight from me, if it would wipe out the memory of all my suffering, and make me as careless as thoughtless, as happy as other girls, I would not even then be tempted to let loose upon this wretched man the fangs of our cruel, blood-thirsty English laws; but when they can do none of this for me, why should I aid them to slay another victim?"

"Because it is your duty,—because it is law,—because it is justice," cried Maurice, impatiently.

"Law, but not justice," said Madeline. "As far as it can be done, I have done justice on the guilty man himself."

"You, Madeline, you!" exclaimed her lover. "What could you do, girl as you are?"

"Holding the secret of his guilt, I certainly had power to pass sentence on him," she returned—"and I did."

"This is too much," cried the angry barrister. "You had no right! It is presumption, it is madness of youth, romance, and girlhood."

"I certainly had the right," said Madeline, her face flushing with indignation; "and I used it—used it far more mercifully than the law would have done; otherwise he would not have submitted to my sentence."

"So he submitted, did he?" said Maurice, sarcastically." "And you, Madeline, with your high-flown ideas of justice, yet acknowledge that you have condemned a man unheard, and found him guilty without a trial!"

"Not unheard," she replied. "He confessed his guilt."

"Then the law is more merciful than you. It won't condemn a man only on his own confession," said Maurice. "And though you accuse me and it of cruelty, I would not pass sentence on the greatest scoundrel living without a fair trial and a fair hearing of witnesses on both sides. Now, you acknowledge you have done this."

Madeline's face had grown like death now, and she replied with white lips, "Not without evidence. I had the testimony of one witness."

"Against him!" said Maurice.

"Against him," she answered.

"Now listen to me, Madeline," continued Maurice, earnestly. "I assert that, villain as this man is, you have treated him less justly than I should. I insist on your yielding him up to a fair trial.

Her white lips formed the word, "No;" they did not speak it.

"Not if you forfeit my esteem by your obstinacy?" he said, with great heat.—

"No," again; and this time it was spoken proudly.

"Will you tell me what sentence your justice has passed upon this man, Miss Sylvester?—we won't say Sherborne, till the name is clear,"

Maurice spoke with cruel sarcasm, and Madeline felt the blood rush to her heart like a great wave; but her pride was roused now, and she was silent and immovable as an Egyptian marble.

"So you won't tell me?" he said, clenching his hand. "Madeline, I will save you from your own folly, in spite of yourself. I will never let go the slight clue I have found, till I lay my hand upon this murderer. Then you shall see that the sentence of the law will be carried into effect, while yours was but an idle breath."

Madeline turned to answer him, but uttered an exclamation of terror, as she saw the face of the swaggerer, Rathline, pressed against the glass. The post-chaise from which he had evidently alighted stood muddy and reeking in the yard.

"There's Mr. Rathline," she said, in a low voice.

"Rathline!" cried Maurice. And opening the window with a strong hand, he sprang out and seized him by the throat.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE easy Mr. Rathline, taken unawares, staggered beneath Maurice Pellew's hard grip, and uttered a succession of oaths in a choked voice.

"Hang it! is this the way to arrest a gentleman?" he cried. "Let me go, I tell you. I'm not resisting the law. I'm ready enough to go to Cursitor in a coach, in a genteel way."

"I'm no bailiff," said Maurice, in great disgust.

"The deuce you are not!" returned Mr. Rathline. "Then what do you mean, sir, by attacking a man in this manner?"

"I mean that I intend to hand you over to a constable on a charge of felony," returned Maurice, sternly.

Mr. Rathline's countenance expressed an astonishment past words, but after a moment's dismayed silence he burst into a coarse laugh.

"Then you have mistaken your man, sir, that's all," he said. "I confess I don't reckon myself among the saints, but I have always kep' my neck out of danger."

A crowd of ostlers, post boys and waiters had gathered around, and began now to pour so many questions on Maurice that he felt annoyed at his own precipitancy.

"What is the matter?" cried one. "What has he done? What do you mean by seizing a peaceable man like this?" cried another.

"Upon my word, he doesn't know himself!" exclaimed Mr. Rathline, shaking himself free, as Maurice relaxed his hold on his collar. "I'll have you up for an assault, sir."

"Then, perhaps, I will be able to prove my charge better than you will yours," returned Maurice, calmly. "Do you know anything of a certain hawker, last seen in the wood of Crehylls?"

This question caused a sudden and remarkable change in Mr. Rathline's handsome face. His jaw fell, and his eyes grew fixed, either in terror or astonishment.

"May I ask who you are?" he said to Maurice, in a very low voice. "One doesn't answer queer questions, put in an inn yard, by unknown individuals."

"I am Maurice Pellew, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law," he replied.

"Then, sir, although your manner of accosting a gentleman is not agreeable," returned Mr. Rathline, assuming his old ease with rather too much swagger, "I am nevertheless willing to give you a few moments of my valuable time, if you will order a private room and a pint of sherry."

This being done, Maurice rather startled Mr. Rathline, on the waiter's departure, by locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" he demanded, angrily.

"I mean," replied Maurice, "that I do not intend that you shall leave this room until you inform me how you became possessed of a certain hawker's knapsack, bearing the name of Nathaniel Strangways, licensed hawker."

The swaggerer drank a glass of sherry at one gulp, and bending across the table, he leaned his impudent face on his hands, saying, carelessly, "And what am I to get, Mr. Pellew, by answering your question?"

"That will depend very much upon your answer," said Maurice. "At all events, I can tell you what you will avoid."

"Pray let me hear what?" returned Mr. Rathline, with much ease. "I am a fellow ever ready to receive information."

"You will most likely avoid a halter," said Maurice; "for it is my fixed intention, unless you reply satisfactorily to my questions, to hand you over to the watch on a charge of murder."

Mr. Rathline whistled, and stretched out his hand for the sherry.

"I can't say I have been altogether a pattern in this virtuous age," he observed; "but murder, regarded as a science, has been too high a flight for my lowly genius. May I request to know whose highly respectable and saintly soul I am supposed to have sent to heaven?"

"I believe the man was a greater scoundrel even than yourself,—if that be possible," returned Maurice, with indignation. "I accuse you of slaying a villian named Mathew Carbis, and of indirectly causing the death of an innocent gentleman, Walter Sherborne."

As Maurice uttered these names, a palpable yet indescribable change passed over Mr. Rathline. It was as though some invisible shadow were lifted from him; his assumed ease grew more real, and his natural swagger asserted itself with an increased impudence.

"You do not appear to be aware," he said, with a smile on his over-red lips, "that Mathew Carbis and I were first cousins—almost brothers, in fact—having been brought up by our mutual grandmother, an estimable old lady, whose death is the only assassination I have on my snowy conscience. I regret to say I locked her up one night in her sedan chair, and left her at the street door till morning, and she died, sir, of that innocent freak of mine."

"Your jests are exceedingly offensive to me," said Maurice, in disgust. "You can relate your family anecdotes in more genial companionship, Mr. Rathline. I have only to remark, with regard to your relationship to Mathew Carbis, that I believe Cain killed Abel."

"Sir, I am aware that unhappy gentleman had that misfortune," returned the easy Mr. Rathline, "and I assure you he has always had my sympathy. Allow me to observe, however, that Mathew was altogether too cunning a fellow to permit me to knock him on the head."

"Even if you were disguised as a hawker?" asked Maurice, fixing his eyes on him keenly.

Mr. Rathline did not wince in the least.

"It is a disguise I have never tried," he said, carelessly; "it is open to objections. The pack, for instance, might be heavy; then again, hawkers walk. I never saw a hawker on horseback; and I dislike extremely to walk in a world where animals with four legs are created for the express convenience of those with only two."

"All this talk is but shuffling," cried Maurice, losing his temper. "I require a categorical answer. How did you become possessed of that knapsack?"

"Is a hawker's pack such a very singular piece of goods to be possessed of, Mr. Pellew?" asked Mr. Rathline, after emptying a third glass of sherry down his brazen throat.

"Decidedly it is," said Maurice, "when that pack bears the name of a man whom I suspect to have committed a foul murder."

A slight yellow shade paled the red on Mr. Rathline's face, and again he stretched out his hand toward the decanter; but Maurice drew it out of his reach.

"Pardon me, Mr. Rathline, I await your reply," he said, sternly.

"My reply is, that I deny the possession of such a piece of furniture as a hawker's knapsack, and I don't understand what you are talking about."

So saying, Mr. Rathline threw himself back defiantly on his chair, and smiled triumphantly at Maurice, who rose immediately, and put his hand upon the bell.

"You appear to think that I am not in earnest," he said, calmly; "but you will find I am. If I touch this bell, Mr. Rathline, it will be to send for a constable. A watchman is always close at hand outside this hotel."

At this, Mr. Rathline looked somewhat discomfited.

"It would be a very disagreeable thing for a gentleman in difficulties to find himself in quad," he observed, carelessly; "for although I am as innocent as a sucking dove of all crimes and misdemeanors, I have always a hundred writs flying about my head, and the bums would be down upon me like an unwashed army of vultures. You would not feel disposed, I presume, to become my bail for a thousand or so, if you are the means of getting me arrested?"

"Hardly," replied Maurice.

"Then you perceive, Mr. Pellew, you are dealing unfairly with me," said Mr. Rathline. "You take advantage of my position as a poor and honorable gentleman, in debt for necessaries supplied to a beloved wife and children, in order to wring information from me which I may take to a better market."

"To a better market?" repeated Maurice. "And to whom, sir, pray?"

"Why to Miss Sherborne, for instance," he replied. "Perhaps she, too, wants to find the hawker who crept through the wood of Crehylls on the day Mathew Carbis died. Why should I not go to her? She'll marry Tom Singleton soon, and have money."

"You are mistaken," said Maurice, striving to speak calmly. "Miss Sherborne will certainly not marry Mr. Singleton."

"She certainly will," repeated Mr. Rathline, offensively. "She is just the girl to please Tom—stunningly handsome, and proud as a white elephant—and if she pleases him, he'll have her. Tom is a fellow who always gets his own way."

Maurice could scarcely restrain his anger to the end of this speech.

"You will have the goodness not to mention Miss Sherborne's name," he said, with his face at a white heat.

"I may say she is handsome,"I suppose," responded the cool Mr. Rathline. "You do not know Miss Sherborne!" exclaimed Maurice, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Rathline. "I saw her at Liskeard the other day, and proposed that we should come up to town in the same post chaise; but not believing I was a relation, she declined."

The easy insolence of Mr. Rathline's manner, as he said this, so exasperated Maurice, that he found no words in which to reply.

"Ah, you are surprised to hear I was down in Cornwall," continued Mr. Rathline. "And a very disappointing journey it was, too. Lord Crehylls ran away, no one knows where—though some say he has got Miss Sylvester with him, (you know who she is, I suppose?) and others declare he is at the bottom of the sea, gone down in the revenue cutter. Then Mr. Lanyon was so ill, that when at last I did get speech with him, he could not hear a single word I had to say; and no sooner do I mention Walter Sherborne, he falls with a paralytic stroke, and I see my game is up in that quarter; so there is nothing left for me but return to the bosom of my domestic bliss, in the hope of striking a bargain with the lovely Miss Sherborne."

"Maurice's patience held out to this, then he seized the swaggerer by the collar, and shook him till he was giddy; after which he thrust him into a chair, and held him down by both legs.

"I understand nothing of the tirade of falsehoods you have been uttering," he said fiercely. "I require only an answer from you; it is that alone to which I will listen. "How did you get that knapsack?"

"It is not mine," gasped the breathless Rathline.

"No, not now," returned Maurice; "because I have bought it of your miserable wife."

"Did she dare sell it?" exclaimed Mr. Rathline, rousing his giddy faculties. "How dared she dispose of her husband's property?—a husband's property is not a wife's, it is his own—it is sacred in the eyes of the law. It is robbery if a woman presumes——"

"Cease!" cried Maurice, angrily. "It seems you forget how you sold your wife's goods the other day."

"That's lawful," gurgled Mr. Rathline. "A wife's effects are her husband's. I'll bring an action against you."

A tighter twist of his collar silenced him. Angry as he was Maurice felt greatly tempted to pommel the miserable coward to a jelly, and it required an immense effort to refrain from striking him.

"Now, listen," said Maurice. "I'll let you speak only to answer my question. If you attempt to say anything else I shall quiet you thus."

Maurice had a strong hand; and it would have given Tom Singleton infinite pleasure, could he have seen the play it made on the neck of his amiable father-in-law.

"Your wife told me,"continued Maurice, that she married you about fifteen years ago, she being then a widow, in good circumstances; and you were introduced to her by a scoundrel, called Mathew Carbis, who was a friend, or pretended friend of Mr. and Mrs. Sherborne. Are you following me?"

The frightened Mr. Rathline, with all his coolness gone, gave forth an inarticulate affirmative.

"No sooner were you married, than you ill-used and robbed your wife," resumed Maurice; "and it was your custom, after wringing a large sum of money from her, to disappear for six months at a time. After one of these disappearances, you returned home with this hawker's pack. You related no history to account for your possession of this article; and coward and tyrant as you are, no one dared question you; but, demanding of your wife the date of that visit of yours to your unhappy household, I found it was just one month after the murder of Mathew Carbis. Now, villain, speak!"

Maurice released his choking grip of Mr. Rathline's throat, but that amiable gentleman was so aghast at his wife's delinquency that for a moment he still remained breathless.

"I'll teach her to give gratuitous information about me!" he gasped, indignantly. "I'll let her know——"

But the grasp was on him again, and with hands outspread feebly, he was fain to say, in dumb show, that he was ready to speak to the point.

"To begin with," said he, breathlessly, "I am not the hawker."

"I don't doubt that," returned Maurice; "from the account I have received of the man, I believe you to be too young for him."

"And I swear to you," resumed Mr. Rathline, "I never set eyes on Nathaniel Strangways in all my life. The way I got the pack was just this: I went down to Bristol to see a friend of mine, and in an old out house I saw the knapsack, and asked my friend how it came there. 'Hang it, man,' he answered, 'how it got there is more than I can say.' Well, all the country being roused then about the murder of my cousin, and knowing there was some talk of a hawker who was missing, my friend and I examined the pack, and found it marked with the very name of the missing man, Nathaniel Strangways. This so startled me, that I made inquiries of the servants forthwith, and then heard that they had found the pack three days ago, flung over the wall into the garden. And that is all they or we ever knew."

"Do you mean to affirm," cried Maurice, "that you did not place the affair in a magistrate's hands?"

"No," replied Mr. Rathline, "we were not quite such fools. We fought shy of justice, you see, on our own accounts. And news coming the next day, that Walter Sherborne was dead, I saw no use in putting my own head into a trap just to oblige his ghost."

"So no efforts were made to trace the hawker?" said Maurice, in indignation.

"Not by my friends the justices," returned Mr. Rathline; "but my own efforts have been almost exemplary and persevering. I have quite devoted my life to the hunting down of that scamp. I have really sacrificed all my prospects to the cause of justice."

The cool ease and impudence of the man had returned to him, and in all their effrontery, and he set swinging his handsome leg carelessly, admiring the Hessian boot in which it was encased.

"You cannot expect me to believe any of this story without some better proof than your word," observed Maurice, eyeing him with grim disgust. "So I fear I must make you acquainted with a Bow Street officer, Mr. Rathline."

"Don't hurry yourself," returned Mr. Rathline, coolly. "Hear my proofs first. The principal one is, that when I quitted my dear friend's lodging I took the knapsack with me—stole it, in fact—and I have kept it ever since,—that is, until Mrs. Rathline unlawfully disposed of her husband's property, and therefore lay herself open to the charge of felony. Now, why should I keep that knapsack through all the vicissitudes of fortune unless I had a purpose?"

"And that purpose?" said Maurice.

"Is two-fold, sir," replied Mr. Rathline. "Firstly, to find the owner of the pack; secondly, to make money by it."

The villains's words were so plausible, so likely to be true, that Maurice listened with intenter faith in him than heretofore.

"You appeared to be speaking frankly now," resumed Maurice; "but I observe you have not mentioned the name of your Bristol friend. Pray who is he, and where is he?"

"Of his whereabouts, sir," said the cool Mr. Rathline," "I regret to say I am ignorant; but if he has received his deserts, I would suggest that his present address ought to be found somewhere in the precincts of Botany Bay. As for his name, that is my secret, and I decline to part with it."

"You mean unless you are paid for it?" observed Maurice.

"Exactly so, Mr. Pellew," replied Mr. Rathline. "I perceive we are beginning to understand each other. Hitherto you must acknowledge you have had a disagreeable way of expressing yourself. When an individual feels a gentleman's hands about his throat, he considers that rather strong language; he deems himself ill used, he wants compensation, and if he possesses information which would be agreeable for the other to receive, he finds himself with a stronger inclination to withhold than to impart it; unless, indeed, the gentleman who has injured him can show that it will not be an advantage to express that inclination; then, of course, being himself also a gentleman, he is amenable to reason."

"And what are your ideas of reason, Mr. Rathline?" asked Maurice.

"Well, sir, they are rather high at present," replied Mr. Rathline. "I have just had an expensive journey and an annoying disappointment,—two items which I must add to the sum total of reasons which I should require of you."

"I cannot see what your journeys or your disappointments have to do with the matter," said Maurice.

"Pardon me, Mr. Pellew," returned Mr. Rathline, "they have everything to do with it, since both were incurred and undertaken in this Sherborne business. I had good cause to believe that Mr. Lanyon, or Lord Crehylls, or both, would be interested in ascertaining the innocence of Walter Sherborne; so I cramp my limbs, and injure my digestion and my pocket, by a long journey into the land of wreckers, and if I find Lord Crehylls is gone to the bottom of the sea, and Mr. Lanyon, as I had the honor to inform you, parts with his senses the moment I enter on my business. This last circumstance is a great annoyance and disappointment to me; and to whom can I look for reimbursement but to you?"

"I can understand that you might have got money from Mr. Lanyon," said Maurice; "so we will count your disappointment there as real; the other is imaginary. Lord Crehylls could certainly have no interest in the murder of your cousin Carbis."

Mr. Rathline smiled, and his lip twitched, as though he enjoyed some jest entirely to himself.

"Perhaps you are mistaken, perhaps you are not," he returned, coolly. "At all events I charge it as an item, although I shall, of course, in naming the sum, have due regard to the difference between your circumstances and his."

"And suppose," said Maurice, "I refuse you any payment?"

"In that case, I refuse all information" replied Mr. Rathline. "'Nothing for nothing' is a motto that runs round the world."

"And suppose again," continued Maurice, "that I am acquainted with a person who knows the real culprit?"

Mr. Rathline's careless countenance for one instant took an aspect of astonishment and dismay; then he rallied suddenly.

"You try it on cleverly," he said, in an easy way.

"You are mistaken," returned Maurice. "I am not trying it on. I have very lately seen a person, perfectly veracious, perfectly honorable, who has assured me that the true murderer of Mathew Carbis is known."

Something in this speech restored to Mr. Rathline his entire self-possession.

"And, according to your informant, the guilty person is not the hawker?" he observed.

"I acknowledge you are right in that supposition," said Maurice.

"Exactly so," responded Mr. Rathline, triumphantly. "And now I think, if you are in earnest, you will allow me to name my terms. Mr. Pellew, for the sum of five hundred pounds I will divulge to you all I know respecting the missing hawker, Nathenial Strangways. Further, I must have the king's pardon for whatever comfort or connivance I have given to the felon since the commission of his crime. Next, I must be employed to hunt him down myself, being allowed my travelling and other expenses in the chase."

"That last is a singular clause, Mr. Rathline," said Maurice. "May I ask your reason for naming it?"

"Hatred, sir, sheer hatred," he replied; "that is the reason. He has been rich, I have been poor. He has had an assured position, I have been a vagabond. And lately he has never let me see the color of his money."

"You demand a large sum," resumed Maurice, thoughtfully. "I am not prepared to yield to such a demand without mature consideration. I am, on the contrary, more inclined to believe that a short sojourn at Bridewell would bring you to your senses, without any expenditure on my part."

"You make a great mistake, said Mr. Rathline. "Carry out that belief, and you will never hear the truth as long as you live. But I'll give you three days to think the matter over. Meanwhile, I'll stay at this hotel, and consent to your setting a spy over me, who shall watch me night and day."

To this agreeable proposition Maurice ultimately consented, and the bell was rung and an individual sent for who would undertake the charge. He was a cadaverous-looking man of the green-grocer order; but his arms were long and strong, and he had a quick, keen eye.

"I hand over this gentlemen to your custody," said Maurice. "You are not to leave him for a single instant in the twenty-four hours."

"Understand," interposed Mr. Rathline, "that I am a gentleman, only I am a little out in the head. I require constantly a cheerful and entertaining companion like yourself, otherwise I am inclined to prussic acid and other strong doses of medicine, so you must look well after me. That accounts in a genteel way for his services being required," concluded Mr. Rathline, in an aside to Maurice.

After settling other items, more particularly the essential one of payment, and also agreeing that Mr. Rathline's inn bill should be set down to him, Maurice returned to the room in which he had left Madeline.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was but time lost when Maurice Pellew recapitulated to Madeline the conversation he had with Mr. Rathline. She understood, or thought she understood, it all, and she did not believe he would divulge the secret to Maurice while there remained a lingering chance of gaining a larger sum from Lord Crehylls for his silence.

As before, the debate waxed warm between them—Maurice, with his practical views, being of course thoroughly opposed to what he termed Madeline's obstinate romance.

"You fancy yourself generous," he said, somewhat bitterly, "but I truly believe, Madeline, you have acted with cruel injustice."

"You have no right to think so," she answered, "ignorant as you are of all the facts."

"You are too self reliant, Madeline," retorted Maurice, angrily; "at your age, to be so resolved, is presumption. How can you think to stand up alone against all the world?"

Her eyes filled with tears, but turning away, she hid them from her lover.

"I have been alone all my life," she said; "I am not afraid to be alone now, when I know I am right."

"Oh what mad, obstinate, girlish folly!" cried Maurice, almost beside himself with anger. "See here, Madeline; I love you; I want to save you from yourself. Listen to me, I entreat you. Justice belongs to the State: no individual has a right to wield the sword of justice for himself. You commit a crime in doing this."

But Madeline was as fixed and firm as an Egyptian pyramid, and Maurice beat against her stony silence in vain.

"There is no justice in this land," she said; "all its laws are written in blood. They hang a starving man who steals a loaf for his famished household; they hang a silly girl who takes a sixpence from her mistress's till; they hang a boy who rides away on his master's colt; but they shall never destroy any human life through me. All the way through the length of land, I saw gibbets and bones swinging in the wind. They sickened my soul, and I tell you, if I had no other reason but that loathsome sight, it would make my resolve to spare this man the terrors of the law strong as adamant and iron."

To argue further seemed indeed useless, and Maurice abruptly changed the subject.

"I am almost sorry, Madeline," he said, "that you have left Crehylls, now they are in such trouble there. Lady Crehylls must need a friend at present."

"But she would accept no consolation at my hands," returned Madeline. "Her rudeness to me increased tenfold after you left; it even went so far as insult, till at length she peremptorily ordered me to quit the castle."

Maurice heard this with a burning indignation which almost overpowered him.

"Lord Crehylls shall account to me for his wife's insolence," he said, fiercely; "unless, indeed, he is truly gone down in the cutter; and, in that case, I shall appeal to Mr. Lanyon."

"Who, Mr. Rathline says, is struck with paralysis," observed Madeline, sorrowfully. "Better let things stay as they are, Maurice."

"Shall I submit to your being insulted before a whole county?" he asked. "Madeline, this is more serious than you suppose. Are you to blame? Have you offended Lady Crehylls in any way? I judged her to be a most amiable woman. I should never have supposed her capable of such conduct."

Madeline's lip curled slightly as she replied, "She is amiable, as all the fortunate and the happy are amiable. While the sea is smooth, they smile; when it roughens, they seek out the Jonah who they fancy causes the storm, and they fling him to the waves. I am Lady Crehylls's Jonah, so she thrust me from her sinking ship. As for offending her, I am not aware that I ever gave her cause of offence in my life."

"Did you appeal to Mr. Lanyon against her extraordinary behavior?" asked Maurice.

"No," replied Madeline, "he was too ill. I complained once to Lord Crehylls, but it did but make matters worse."

"How unfortunate Mr. Lanyon is so ill!" exclaimed Maurice. "He would be able to give me the most valuable aid in this Carbis affair if he were well."

Madeline was silent. To speak was only to put herself in opposition with her lover, so she held her peace sorrowfully.

"I will get my mother back to town as quickly as possible," resumed Maurice, "and then you will come to us, Madeline."

Madeline thanked him a little coldly. She could not feel very grateful just then to Mrs. Pellew, for her heart was so full of other things.

"And I hope you will stay with us as long as you can, Madeline, before returning to Penkivel," continued Maurice, a little anxiously. He was beginning to had been too heated in argument, to with her for those peculiarities of thought and character which had once attracted him, and he told himself he would be more lenient in the future.

"I shall never go back to Penkivel," said Madeline; and her voice faltered. "You must learn to realize the fact, Maurice, that Mr. Lanyon's guardianship no longer protects me, and I stand alone, nearly as forlorn and friendless as any poor beggar-child selling matches in the London streets."

"You have me, Madeline," returned Maurice, taking her hand. "You must not talk of being friendless; and as for Mr. Lanyon, I am convinced you are very dear to him; and whatever soreness or slight coolness there may be between you now, owing to this strange conduct on his daughter's part, it will I am sure, all pass the moment he is sufficiently recovered to act for himself."

Again Madeline was silent; but she felt that her silence was building up a barrier between herself and her lover; and she recognized more nearly the truth of the bitter words she had uttered when she told Lord Crehylls that her promise of secrecy would separate her forever from the love of Maurice Pellew.

"Mr Lanyon is not a man to withdraw his guardianship lightly from one whom he has succored from childhood," continued Maurice, more earnestly; "therefore, Madeline, I look upon your return to Penkivel as certain; and you cannot have a happier, a safer, or a more beautiful home, until I can claim you."

It was hard to hear him talk of Penkivel thus, and yet hold in her tears, her indignant sorrow, and all the story of her wrongs; and yet, but for a slight quivering of the lip, she repressed any sign of the tumult in her heart, and answered him calmly.

"If Mr. Rathline's history be true," she said, "it may be long before Mr. Lanyon is better again, if ever; and the distress at Crehylls must be terrible: Lord Crehylls missing, and the pretty little boy lost. If Mr. Lanyon recovers, he will live with his daughter and comfort her. He cannot forsake her for me. There will be no room in his heart, through these sorrows for a stranger."

It was possible this was true, but Maurice would not hear it.

"I believe very little of what Mr. Rathline says," he replied. "Depend upon it the story is greatly exaggerated, and in a few days we shall hear Lord Crehylls is returned and the child found." With this he rose to go, but paused to say, "How vexed I am, Madeline, to leave you in this dull room in this dull inn!"

Once more a wistful remorse touched him, tinged with a sort of wonder that a meeting to which he had looked forward so passionately could have been mingled with jarring elements that love had scarcely found a place, even for a moment, on their lips.

"We will talk of ourselves to-morrow," he continued, with his arm pressed tightly round her. "We will 'let the world slide,' Madeline, and remember only that we are together once again."

For answer she lifted her face to his, pale to the lips, and kissed him mournfully, like one saying farewell.

"You are not angry?" he asked, as his eyes looked into hers with a sudden deepening and glow of love.

"No, I am not angry," she replied; "do what you may—think what you may of me, I shall never be angry."

Then her eyes drooped, hiding tears, and his kiss fell upon her lips again.

"What shall I ever say of you—what shall I ever think of you, except that you are my own beautiful Madeline?" said he, —"the dearest, the loveliest, the only woman in the world to me."

These were his last words, lover-like and kind, yet, when he was gone, and the walls of that dull room pressed around, Madeline sat with her brow upon her hand, thinking heavily. She felt, that between hearing of her friendless and forlorn fate, and seeing it there was a great gulf, and in stepping over this, Maurice had flung some of his love away.

Was this true? Is the human mind so influenced by externals that it experiences a shock,—a recoil of pain, when it sees its idol no longer on a pedestal in the temple, but on common ground, stripped of jewels and of flowers? Hitherto, like a diamond in a fair setting, Madeline had appeared to Maurice, surrounded by every elegance and luxury of wealth—the noble and lofty rooms which, became her stateliness, across which her step moved firmly, the works of art, the pictures, the silken draperies, the glowing colors, the soft lights—all of these by that curious mystery and deception of the eye, common to us all, had seemed a very part of her, giving her their grace, as she lent them her presence. Now, for the first time bereft of all these, she had seen her lover, as it were, face to face, and she fancied in this dull dingy room her beauty was dimmed in his eyes and her form had dwindled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO WILLS AND WORKS.

BY E. H. B.

How many lives are spent in idle dreaming.
Of unearned good to come, devoid of care!
How many souls are satisfied with seeming
What they should be, and being—what they are!
Alas! how few the nobleness inherit,
Which—scorning selfish ease and empty show—
In active goodness shines; whose generous spirit
O'erflows to want, to sorrow and to woe.
Time's restless wing should teach us active living:
No fondly dreaming idler enters heaven;
To him who wills and works, nor ceases striving
To overcome with love, is victory given;
So let us march, my friend, with armor bright,
Through this dark dreary world up to the gates of light.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXXV—[CONTINUED.]

BUT circumstances were against him. His favorite horse that morning had been found lame, and the groom had the insolence or the courage to tell him that he had caused it himself by his reckless riding.

He turned to dismiss the man on the spot, and then suddenly remembered that he could not replace him, for he was one of the most valuable servants that he had. He was obliged to rein in his temper, which in itself was enough to drive him almost mad, so little was he accustomed to self control. His favorite mastiff, too, was ill, and he was annoyed about that.

The veterinary surgeon said that the dog had better be shot, and Sir Owen swore roundly at him: to which the surgeon answered by saying that he could please himself, and that for the future he would not attend at Garswood if he were sent for.

Sir Owen was very angry. It was incredible that a Baronet worth forty thousand a year could not swear as he liked; such a thing was not to be borne.

So, when the guests sat down to dinner, Sir Owen was not in the best of humors. He was a discontented man by nature. The first thing that always occurred to him was to complain, to find fault—never to praise. If he saw clear soup, he was cross because it was not thick; if it were thick, he wanted thin. If one dish were placed before him, he was quite sure to complain because it was not another.

On this particular day he was very much annoyed because some of his favorite fish was not cooked as he liked it.

In vain Lady Chevinix, seeing a storm brewing, tried to avert it: the more amiable and complacent she looked the blacker and angrier he grew.

An uncomfortable silence fell over the guests. Felix did his best; he tried to make conversation, but it was difficult with those muttered growls running on like an undercurrent.

At last some other dish raised Sir Owen's ire, and he exclaimed:

"If I had married some one who understood these things, I should have been better off."

The guests saw Lady Chevenix's face grow as pale as the pearls she wore. Her silence irritated her husband, for he cried out angrily against her, with a word so coarse and insulting that there was not a man present who did not long to horsewhip him.

She rose with quiet grace and dignity to quit the room; she felt that she owed it to her own self-respect not to remain.

No sooner did he see her do this than he sprang from his seat and cried:

"Go back to your seat, my lady—do not show any of your airs here!"

The gentlemen rose quickly, but she mastered herself with an effort, for which they commended her.

She repressed the hysterical cry that rose to her lips, smiled, and went back to her chair.

"Sir Owen does not always choose his jests wisely," she said; and order was at once restored.

They admired her more than they could say—it was impossible to help it. Her grace, her beauty, her self-possession, her self-control, her tact, all struck them.

There was no one present who did not think highly of her for her behavior through so trying a scene.

Sir Owen tried to laugh it off. He made some awkward apologies about having been annoyed by horses, dogs, and servants; nevertheless the incident left two disagreeable reminders for him.

Darcy Lonsdale told him that same evening that the next time he insulted Lady Chevenix in his presence he must seek another adviser.

Captain Hill did better.

"I want to say a few words to you, Sir Owen," he began, when on the point of departure. "You invite gentlemen to your house," he told him, "and then presume to insult them by behaving in most brutal fashion to your wife. Do not repeat the experiment, Sir Owen. I have broken bread with you for the last time."

And no other word would the sturdy old sportsman exchange with him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SIR OWEN was alarmed—he found that, although he was a Baronet, he could not do as he liked. Society had certain laws that must be kept—and one was that a man must, if he wished to be considered a gentleman, treat his wife with respect.

Sir Owen found that he must alter, for people were beginning to give up his acquaintance; some of the best families in the county, who had formerly welcomed him with open arms, now did not even invite him to their formal parties. He was losing caste as fast as he could lose it, and he said to himself that something must be done; he must alter, or every house in the county would be closed against him.

Withal there was something good in him—he was not without some redeeming qualities.

On the day after the discreditable scene in his own house he rode over to Captain Hill's and asked to see that gentleman.

The Captain looked very black when he saw his visitor, but Sir Owen held out his hand.

"I disgraced myself yesterday, Captain," he said, "and I am come to beg your pardon—to say how sorry I am. I deserved every word that you said to me, and now I make you the most ample apology. Will you shake hands?"

It was impossible to refuse; but Captain Hill assented with an ill grace.

"Have you apologised to your wife?" he asked. "That is the chief thing."

"Yes: I have made it all right with her. Upon my word, I am quite ashamed of myself. It shall not happen again."

For some days he did not give way to any excess; and in a shamefaced kind of way he tried to make up to his wife for his recent outburst of violence—he always did when he had offended her almost beyond forgiveness.

He lavished new dresses, new jewels, new ornaments of all kinds upon her, for in his heart he loved her better than anything else on earth, though he insulted and ill treated her.

Mrs. Haye had gone home, pleased at leaving matters a little better than she had found them; but Lady Chevenix had vowed to herself that she would not, if possible, be left alone with her husband again. She found that the presence of a third party made some difference, was some restraint, some check upon him.

She invited a Miss Hethcote to spend a few weeks with her, and that young lady, who had a girl's adoration for the beautiful, graceful Lady Chevenix, gladly assented. Marian Hethcote was a bright, pretty, clever girl, and her companionship was very pleasant to the Lady of Garswood.

They spent the greater part of the time together during the first few days of her stay.

Sir Owen was most gracious to her. Then, as was usual with him, familiarity bred contempt. Miss Hethcote herself could not endure him. When her father remonstrated with her one day about her openly expressed dislike of the Baronet, she said:

"I could never like a man who swears at his wife, papa—and Sir Owen very seldom speaks to Lady Chevenix without doing so. A man who swears at his wife will do anything."

Her dislike to him was not unjustified. She was sitting one morning with Lady Chevenix in her boudoir, the room that was like a shrine for the woman who used it. They were talking gaily and happily enough, when in the distance they heard the voice of Sir Owen speaking in most angry tones. The sound drew nearer and nearer.

"He is coming here," said Marian Hethcote; and the two ladies looked at each other in distress.

The door was opened with violence, and Sir Owen strode into the room, his face purple with rage.

He did not speak to Miss Hethcote, but looked at his wife.

"Where is my silver-mounted riding-whip?" he asked.

"I do not know, Owen," she replied.

"You do know. You had it last, and now it is gone; no one can find it. The grooms say you had it last week."

"I do not remember having had it," she replied gently.

But the gentle words did not touch him. His temper was, as he expressed it, "all in a blaze," and when that was the case he spared neither man, woman, nor child.

Miss Hethcote shrank back, startled and scared at the insults and abuse he lavished upon his wife.

Lady Chevenix stood quise calm and still. When the angry oaths had ceased, she looked up at him.

"I will go and try to find it, Owen," she said. "I am sorry if I have annoyed you by misplacing it."

She left the room, and the Baronet went to the window. He felt rather ashamed of himself, for in his anger he had quite forgotten Miss Hethcote's presence.

He stood there looking out for some minutes in silence. Then he turned to her.

"Women are so stupid," he said.

She was young, and loved Lady Chevenix very dearly, so she was not unwilling to take part in the fray. She had not yet learned that all-important lesson, that it is never safe to interfere between a man and his wife.

"They are remarkably stupid," she replied, "to tolerate such words as you have just used to Lady Chevenix. If I were in her place, I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" he asked sneeringly.

"When I did find the silver-mounted riding-whip, I know what use I should make of it."

He laughed. The idea of a riding-whip in those delicate little hands for the purpose hinted at amused him.

"If you were in Lady Chevenix's place," he said, "you would do just as she does—submit; it is woman's lot."

"I should not mind submission; but my submission would be to a gentleman, not to a swearing, loud voiced tyrant."

"You speak pretty frankly," he said. "Do not vex me, though."

"I would rather vex than please you."

She was interrupted by the opening of the door.

Lady Chevenix entered with the riding-whip in her hand.

"I have found it, Owen," she said quietly, as though no unkind word had passed his lips. "I am sorry to say that I did mislay it. It was put away by mistake with mine."

"I must request you, for the future," he returned, "not to touch anything belonging to me. What is mine is mine, and not yours. Do not let me be vexed in this way again."

He left the room with a quick, angry bang of the door. Lady Chevenix quietly took up her point-lace and resumed the conversation. Marian Hethcote looked at her, wondering tears in her eyes. She went over to her, and clasped her arms around her neck.

"Dear Lady Chevenix," she said, "is it possible that you do not really care? I thought you would come back broken-hearted."

"Care, my dear, for trifles I am so thoroughly used to?" questioned Sir Owen's wife. "Certainly not."

"I do not understand how you can bear it. It is wonderful to me. I should run away. I could not live under it."

"My dear child, we learn patience as we grow older," said Lady Chevenix, gravely.

But sweet, impulsive Marian would not be satisfied.

"I think it is dreadful. Do not be angry with me, Lady Chevenix, please. I have never heard such words before. They have filled me with horror. I cannot bear to think that you listen to them daily, you who ought to hear only sweet, kind, tender words."

"We will forget all about it, Marian," said Lady Chevenix. "It does not matter; everything comes to an end at last."

But Marian's heart had been stirred.

"Dear Lady Chevenix," she went on, "do not think me rude—that which would be rudeness in another is only love in me. I do love you so dearly, and I cannot bear to hear you spoken to in that fashion. If I were in your place, I should run away."

Lady Chevenix smiled.

"That would not be of much use," she said. "I find as the days pass that I cannot run away from my trouble."

Marian stood watching her, with a sad look on her fair young face.

"I often think about you, Lady Chevenix," she said, "and I wonder why—pray do not be angry with me—you married Sir Owen; you are so gentle, and he is so much the reverse."

"My dear Marian, marriages are made in heaven," she returned, with a slow, sad smile.

"Are they? Well, dear Lady Chevenix—do not think me irreverent—if your marriage was made in heaven, mine shall be made on earth. I often wonder if I ever shall marry. Do you know that in my short career I have not seen very much happiness in married life? I am not greatly in love with it, therefore."

"It is like everything else—a lottery and a chance," said Lady Chevenix.

"I have quite made up my mind what kind of man I should like to marry," went on Marian. "He must be good, to begin with—clever, distinguished and handsome, gentle, and yet brave—something like—do not laugh at me Lady Chevenix—something like Mr. Felix Lonsdale; he is my *beau-ideal* of a man."

She wondered why Lady Chevenix turned away with a little low cry on her pale lips.

"You like Mr. Felix Lonsdale then, Marian?" she said, after a time. It was a pleasure to talk of him, to utter his name and to hear it—a pleasure that she had long been deprived of.

"Yes, I like him better than any of the gentlemen I have met—much better. He seems to me a gentleman in every sense of the word. I like him very much," she continued warmly, quite unconscious of the pain she was inflicting on Lady Chevenix.

"He would be flattered if he knew how highly you thought of him, Marian."

The sweet girlish laugh rang out merrily.

"Would he? I do not think so. He does not seem to care very much for the society of ladies; he talks more to Lady Maude Arlington than to any one else. He is not what most people call a lady's man."

"He has other things to think of," said Lady Chevenix.

"Perhaps so. Mrs. Clayburn told me he had had a great trouble, a great sorrow in his early life."

"Did she tell you what it was?" asked Lady Chevenix; and Marian Hethcote did not see the trembling of the white hands.

"Yes; he loved some one who forsook him; she married some one else. Mrs. Clayburn did not tell me much about it; but she said that that accounted for his not caring much for the society of ladies; he had loved this lady so long and so truly that he had taken it deeply to heart and he had never recovered from the sorrow."

"I do not believe it," said Lady Chevenix slowly.

"Indeed it is true. I watched him after she had told me, and I saw that whenever his face was in repose it was sad."

Lady Chevenix was quite silent for a few minutes, and then she said—

"Did Mrs. Clayburn tell you who the lady was?"

"No, it is no one near here, I think," she answered. "She did not say very much: but it was just what I had thought myself. I said to myself the very first night that I saw him, 'That man has had some great sorrow in his life.'"

"I have noticed nothing in him to make me think that," said Lady Chevenix.

"You see so many people that it has escaped you. I am quite sure that he has wasted all the love of his noble life on some one quite undeserving of it. I have an instinct that tells me so."

Lady Chevenix stood up before her, all pale and trembling.

"My dear Marian," she said "never speak to me of this again. Some one else will tell you if I do not. It was I whom Felix Lonsdale loved; it was I who gave him up to marry Sir Owen. Hush! Do not cry for me. I deserve it all, and much more; but Marian, never talk to me of Felix Lonsdale again. We will go now, dear. The bell has rung for luncheon."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Violet," said Sir Owen to his wife, "I want you to give a garden-party; they are much in vogue. There could no more beautiful time for one than during this lovely weather. The grounds look superb; we have not a tree that is not in full leaf. Send out your invitations to-day."

"I will do so with pleasure," replied Lady Chevenix; and Marian Hethcote, who was present, appeared delighted.

"You are growing quite amiable, Sir Owen," she said.

"If one garden-party makes me amiable, two ought to make me charming."

"Perhaps they will do so," said Miss Hethcote.

"We will give one now worth remembering. I think I can get the military band from Ordstone—I shall try to do so—and we will send to London for a *chef de cuisine*. We will have everything of the very best."

The invitations were numerous. Lord Arlington decided to accept his.

"I do not like the Baronet," he said, "and I am grieved for his young wife; still we cannot send him to Coventry. We must visit him sometimes—and a garden party is better than a dinner party. We need not stay so long, and we need not see very much of our host."

So Sir Owen was made happy by a polite note from Bramber, saying that the Earl and his wife and daughter would be present at the gathering.

The Lonsdales also promised to be present, and it seemed as though the garden-party was to be a success.

One day Sir Owen sat with Lady Chevenix and Miss Hethcote after dinner discussing the coming event. He turned to his wife.

"Violet," he said, "I saw a very pretty girl the other day—a girl that quite took my fancy. I met her at Darcy Lonsdale's office."

"Indeed!" returned Violet. "Who was it Owen?"

"Let me see now—what did they call her? Evelyn—Eve Lester—the niece of a certain strong-minded Miss Lester who lives at the Outlands. You must know her—of course you know her!"

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "I know Eve Lester."

"You ought to like her too. I quite admire her. I have not seen such a pretty face for some time, yours of course excepted, Miss Hethcote," he added laughingly.

"Lady Chevenix's face excepted, you mean," said Miss Hethcote; "hers indeed is a most beautiful face, Sir Owen."

"There is too much of pride and defiance, or rather pride and indifference, he laughed, "in my lady's face. Now this girl Eve Lester is as fair and sweet as a dove; she reminded me of a dove, so fair and gentle is she."

"Very sweet people are apt to be very insane," said Miss Hathcote.

"Inane or not, I wish you would invite her to the party, Violet."

"I will do so with pleasure, but I do not think she will come."

"Why not?" he asked impatiently.

"Because, though we were friends once, we are not friends now," said Lady Chevenix.

"Then you must be friends, Violet. I am determined to have her at the gathering. I liked her sweet fair face."

"My dear Owen, I would do anything to oblige you or please you, but I cannot make any overtures of friendship to Eve Lester."

"But I say you must, Violet."

"I am sorry that I cannot. If you are determined that Miss Lester shall come, you must go yourself and invite her."

"It is the usual way if I want anything," he said angrily. "I can have everything except the one thing most desired. I only wish that I had the sense to make such a girl as that Lady Chevenix; there would have been no opposition to my wishes then."

"I am quite sure that I wish the same thing," rejoined Violet, quietly.

"Do you? I might have expected such a confession from you," he exclaimed.

All that was disagreeable seemed to be forgotten when the day of the *fete* arrived. The party was likely to be a wonderful success. All the *elite* of the neighborhood had assembled. The sun was bright, the trees were in luxuriant leaf. Had there been no other attraction, the beauty of the grounds alone would have been one.

Sir Owen looked proudly around; it pleased him to see such great and noble persons his guests. The one whom he cared most to honor was Major Rawson, the great Victoria Cross hero of whom all England and even all France had been talking—Major Rawson, who was heir to a Baronetcy, and one of the most popular men in England. He was visting at one of the houses in the neighborhood; and was received by Sir Owen with great *empressement*.

"I do not see Lady Chevenix," said the Major; "I am unfortunate in arriving so late."

"We shall find Lady Chevenix somewhere in the grounds," said Sir Owen; and he proudly introduced him to the county magnates.

Suddenly the Major touched his arm.

"Who is that beautiful woman yonder?" he asked in wonder.

"Which?" said Sir Owen.

"The one in blue and white there, talking to that handsome man.

Sir Owen's face brightened with pleasure.

"That is my wife, Lady Chevenix," he said. "Come, and I will introduce you."

"I had heard that Lady Chevenix was beautiful," he replied, "but I had not expected to see such perfection. And the gentleman—who is he? His face is a striking one."

"He is my lawyer and agent; his name is Felix Lonsdale. It is strange that on the first occasion of meeting them you should see them together. He was a great admirer of my wife years ago."

Major Rawson was not surprised to hear it; such a woman as that might have any number of admirers. He looked from the handsome face of the young lawyer to the dark, evil countenance of the Baronet by his side, and wondered how any woman could have chosen between the two men, and have chosen so badly.

Later on in the afternoon he stood by Lady Maude, and they were both watching Lady Chevenix. The brave soldier who had won his cross by acts of valor worthy of a hero was wonderfully impressed by Lady Chevenix.

"I shall never forget that face, although I may never see it again. How beautiful it is! And yet there is a shadow over it. It is not the face of a happy woman, is it, Lady Maude?"

"No, not quite," she replied hesitatingly.

"Is Lady Chevenix happy?" he asked.

She looked up at him.

"My dear Major, what a question to ask me!" she replied. "Who shall say which of us is happy? I think Lady Chevenix loves wealth and position better than anything in the world—and she has both."

"It is well for us to have our hearts desire?" he asked gravely. "I have often wondered about that."

"I cannot tell," replied Lady Maude—"I have not mine."

"Nor I," said the Major; "but this beautiful lady, you say, has hers?"

He thought Lady Maude singularly reticent on the subject, the fact being that she never liked to hear Lady Chevenix mentioned. She could not forgive her for all she had made Felix suffer; she could not bear to think of so worthy a young fellow having been made wretched through the caprice of a woman. She never liked to remember the day and the hour in which she had found him stricken like one dead by the treachery of a false woman.

She said as little as possible about Lady Chevenix at all times. She was half vexed that Major Rawson should admire her, for, if Lady Maude had in her noble heart one weakness, it was a great admiration for the hero of the Victoria Cross. She would have liked to think that he was above the weakness of admiring a face merely because it was beautiful; she would have felt better pleased if he had praised it for being noble. Lady Maude admired nobility more than beauty, and could not understand any man being a slave to beauty.

She liked Major Rawson, and she said to herself now, in her exalted fashion, that he was the kind of hero she approved of. Her noble face brightened with happiness when he was by her side; she liked to hear him speak; his presence was a source of unwonted pleasure to her. She was too proud and stately to say to herself that she cared for him in any way, though she had a great admiration for him. But the day of the garden party at Garswood was to be one to be remembered with pleasure by both of them, for it was the day on which they first began to understand that each had conceived a friendship for the other.

The brave and simple-hearted soldier could not comprehend why Lady Chevenix had given up Felix Lonsdale for Sir Owen. Some one gave him an explanation of it, and he came back to ask Lady Maude if it were correct.

"I wish you would not ask me," she said, "for it is a story I do not like to hear or to speak of."

"Your wishes are my law on every subject," replied the Major. "If you tell me that I must not ask you, I will not; but I am deeply interested—and I do not often interest myself in other person's affairs."

"I can only tell you what happened," she replied—for to no creature living had Lady Maude ever betrayed one word of the confidence Felix had reposed in her. "The concurrence," she continued, "is unfortunately very common. Lady Chevenix, then Miss Violet Haye—'beautiful Violet Haye,' she was called—was engaged to marry Felix Lonsdale. I believe that if Sir Owen had delayed his coming for three months longer they would have been married. He came, and with his vast wealth and title soon became the lion of this part of the country. How she broke her troth-plight, and why she broke it, what excuses she made to herself or others made for her, I cannot tell you; but it is quite certain that she went to London, and that Sir Owen followed and married her there."

'There can be but one explanation—she must have given up her lover for the Baronet," said the Major; "but I cannot imagine any woman preferring Sir Owen Chevenix to Felix Lonsdale."

"You forget that Sir Owen had, as the old song says, houses and lands, while Mr. Felix Lonsdale has nothing but his brains."

The Major was silent for some minutes, and then he asked—

"Is the world very hard on these sins, Lady Maude?"

"I do not know. I know that society receives Lady Chevenix with open arms."

"And what do women call such sins?" he asked again. "What is the name they go by in this curious world called society?"

"People give them different names—some call them prudence, some faithlessness."

"What do you call such behavior?" he asked.

"Mine is a plain, unfashionable term," said Lady Maude. "I call the woman who breaks her word to her lover, a jilt, and I call the wrong done by its right name of perfidy."

Major Rawson admired the speaker all the more for her frankness.

And so Sir Owen's garden-party passed off well, every one praising the graceful, beautiful hostess—but no one saw her standing later on in the evening with tears in her eyes watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SIR OWEN had a novel idea—it was, when the June quarter-day came round, to invite the principal tenants to dine at Garswood. Such things were done by the great landed proprietors of the county, and he was desirous of imitating them. This reminded him that there were several other matters that required attention—some of the tenants' leases had fallen in, and to renew them would require a long and patient search in the iron room, where all deeds and documents of value were preserved. There was another piece of important business on hand. One of the farmers in the neighborhood had sold some land to Sir Owen Chevenix; but soon after the sale he died, and his successors disputed his right to sell. Most of the old title-deeds of the Garswood estate required careful perusing; so Sir Owen invited Darcy Lonsdale to stay for a few days at Garswood. It would be much easier, he thought, for him to read all the various papers there than to have them taken to his office.

Mr. Lonsdale thought so too, and promised to ride over to the Hall; but shortly before the appointed time some important law-business called for his presence in London.

"I must go," he said to Felix; "and you will have to take my place at Garswood—no one else can do it. What do you say, Felix? If you dislike it, I will give up my London engagement; but I do not think it can make any difference to you. What do you say?" And the elder man looked anxiously into the face of his son.

Felix was silent for a few minutes, and then he said, with a frank smile—

"It can't matter, father; I go as a man of business, not as a friend. I will do it with pleasure. It would be as well for you just to write and hint to Sir Owen that he might prefer you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

NO wonder the quarter was excited, for such a deed, and that section of Paris was famous for its crimes—had never before occurred within its limits.

The neighbors could think or talk of nothing else. Mothers left their children to wander where they listed, and exchanged speculations on the dread event; storekeepers stood at their doors, regardless of customers, and tried to solve the terrible mystery. Everybody, in fact, forgot their ordinary lives and selves in this all-engrossing sensation.

The prim policeman standing in the hallway of the place where it had happened was a centre of inexhaustible interest. Lordly in the dignity of his office, and to the curious eyes staring at him, fairly bursting with knowledge of the affair, he seemed like a superior being. He knew *all*—had seen *it*. Some, in reckless daring, would have asked him to tell the story, but a nameless fear and reverence held them back.

It was a low, forbidding-looking house where sin and death well might make their abode. Similar to others in the long row in height and build, it had acquired an individuality of its own. Whilst the rest retained a little of their primitive respectability, it, the black sheep of the flock, had become distinctively degraded, worn down and tattered. The window-shutters, sills and sashes were froway with time stains, while the steps and front-boarding in some bygone escapade or convulsion, having gone astray from the proper path, had apparently became set in their evil ways, and determined to lie in all directions except the night ones. Through the apertures made by their defection was visible the plastering of the walls, and the dark sand of the compost used glared out on the spectators with the color of blood.

The shop of Vertel, the barber—on the ground story was closed. He had fought against shutting it up, but the authorities, were inflexible.

"Wait till the inquest is over" the detective had said "surely one can be decent as well as industrious."

The small, black eyes of the razor-wielder snapped angrily, but he made no reply.

It was to this same foul-faced, black-browed man that the discovery of the murder was due. Jean Grossier, the accused—rented from him the second floor. He had on Friday the 12th of August towards six in the evening, carried a message to Manon Lescault Grossier's sweetheart, chambermaid in the Rue Lafitte near by. She visited the prisoner. He had seen her passing the hall going by his door. About eight he heard them quarreling, and Grossier swearing terrible oaths. A body fell heavily to the floor. Shortly after the accused fully dressed rushed wildly from the house, "I was so scared," had been the barber's concluding words to the *commissionaire* who took his deposition" that I did not dare ascend the stairs, till the following morning. What struck my eyes and soul with pity and horror then, you know."

He had seen the corpse of a young and beautiful woman with a knife wound in the breast, prostrate on the floor. Her face was bruised, and dark finger-marks about her throat told of strangulation. Her head-dress was disordered, and in her right hand she clutched a lock of long coarse lustrous black hair, plainly torn from the assassin's head in the death struggle.

There was but one thing to do—convict the locksmith Grossier. Everything pointed to him as the culprit. He was captured after Vertel gave the information, returning to his lodgings intoxicated.

At the trial his captors spoke of his innocent surprise when taken, and his own candid bearing had a further good influence on both judge and jury. Besides all his neighbors loved and spoke well of him.

But the lock of hair found grasped in the dead girl's fingers—so glossy, so peculiar in its blue-black hue, so different from that of any in the vast court room—yet identical with his own—must condemn him.

The defence, however, made an effort. They called the accused. On the stand he confessed that he had sent Vertel for the woman Lescault.

Why? There was a ball of his fraternity and he would have her go, but she refused. Had he quarreled with her? They had had some words over it and in his passion he had left her in his room. He then went to the ball and remained till morning. Of the murder he knew nothing and was entirely innocent.

Others who had been at the ball with him swore that he drank heavily as though wishing to silence the remorseful pangs of conscience.

While testifying, one of his counsel was toying with the lock of hair upon the table. Scarcely had the cross-examiner put the last question, when he sprang suddenly to his feet and said to the crier.

"Call Achille Vertel, barber, Rue Des moulins."

The echoes of the functionary's voice were yet reverberating when Grossier's landlord, his little eyes twinkling more than ever, appeared on the witness stand.

After some preliminary inquiries, the advocate asked :—

"What was the date of the murder as you remember it?"

"Friday, the 12th of August about eight of the evening."

"And you did not approach the room where the girl Lescault lay till the following morning.

"I did not."

The man's replies were becoming nervous and an ashy paleness spread itself over his face. Something in the interlocutor's manner troubled him.

"You found this lock of hair in the woman's hand?"

"Yes."

"In this condition precisely?"

"Yes."

A moment's pause.

"If then you swear you heard the woman murdered on the 12th, how is it I find, among this hair, a piece of paper bearing date the 13th."

And the lawyer going over to where the counsel for the prosecution sat, showed them among a few strands that appeared less clean than the rest, a short, narrow strip of a daily paper, bearing the printed date in scarcely legible type, "August 13th, 1797."

As much as the lock was handled it had hitherto escaped observation. There was nothing strange, however, in this, for it was so insignificant in size and matted so closely to the hair, that it might easily elude a cursory glance.

The words and actions of Grossier's counsel had electrified all present; but when he turned towards the Bench and solemnly charged the barber Achille Vertel with the murder of Manon Lescault—the excitement knew no bounds.

The scene was evidently too much for the barber, as in the midst of the sensation and while the judge was trying to restore order he intensified the commotion by falling in the box, crying, "Mercy, mercy."

The whole proceeding was so extraordinary that even the judge partially forgot himself. Finally, however, he managed to make his words heard, and the court was adjourned, Grossier and Vertel both remaining in custody.

The touch of a tipstave's hand upon his arm seemed to quite unnerve the barber, and he begged for an interview with the judge.

In that interview he made a confession. He was the real murderer. He had long loved Grossier's sweetheart secretly, and once proposed to her, but she rejected him. Then he meditated revenge, though his hatred was not directed towards her, but her lover.

Since he had come to reside with him he had been in the habit of dressing Jean Grossier's hair, and at length resolved on making it the instrument of his vengeance.

Partly with some idea of this, and partly from an artist's love for the beautiful, he preserved the combings of the locksmith's hair, putting them by for their ultimate use.

On the night of the murder it occurred to him that the opportunity had arrived for his purpose. Carrying Jean's message, he knew the girl was to come, and felt certain something would happen to enable him to carry out his design. He had as usual dressed Grossier's hair for the ball, and saw with satisfaction Manon pass by, going overhead.

After the locksmith's wrathful departure he had gone up and again proffered his suit. The girl, insulted in her sorrow, repulsed him, and threatened to call for help, if he did not leave the room. While yet remonstrating in a fury of passion, he had seized her by the throat, choked her to prevent crying out, and stabbed her to the heart. He next retired to his own apartment to think what should be done.

In the morning he had read the paper and shaved several early comers, all the while being in a sort of daze. Then finding it necessary to resolve quickly, he had gathered up the fragments of Jean's hair lying by the chair, placed them with the rest, carried all to the locksmith's room, and thrust it into the murdered girl's hand.

In his abstraction, he had doubtless torn and thrown to the floor among the combings the part of the daily paper subsequently found matted with them, and which proved the source of his conviction.

Soon after Vertel was guillotined, and Grossier, who had been so near unto death, liberated.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 25, 1879

"NOTHING TO DO."

HOW many people there are who are continually wishing they had nothing to do! This seems to be the extent of their ambition. How often you will hear such people exclaim, "If I were in his place"—referring to some one who, by hard work and untiring energy, has acquired a fortune—"you wouldn't catch me working and making a slave of myself as he does. I would retire to some quiet spot, where I should be free from care and have nothing to do but live in peace and enjoy the fruits of my labor." Thousands of men have tried this plan, and generally with the same result—a more or less decline of the vital powers, and in a few years death. Almost every one can call to mind instances of this kind. A well known author says, "When my time has come to die, I desire not to retire from active employment, for I can conceive of no more wretched condition than one in which a person has nothing to do."

It is very strange that intelligent men do not see how it shortens the days of active, energetic people to abandon all active service, when they always have been accustomed to lead a life of busy activity. A good machine will rust out far quicker than it will wear out. So will men, and women too. One would suppose that after a hard working man or woman is relieved of toil, he or she would fatten up and enjoy life richly. But the truth is they fatten up and die for want of something to do, having "rusted" out, not worn out. Very few people wear out, while untold numbers actually rust out, simply for want of some active employment. It is unnatural and wrong in every respect for one who has led an active life to quit his occupation and have nothing to do. He may, with advantage, perhaps, change his occupation to something easier, or reduce the amount of work performed, but he should not relinquish it entirely.

One who is able to do aught that can benefit himself, his family, or the world, has no right to neglect doing it; if he does he will surely suffer the penalty.

ALL people reviewing their own lives must see in them great mistakes—perhaps a mere series of mistakes as compared to that ideal of life with which they started, and in contrast with which the reality is a thing of shreds and patches, beginnings without endings, ceaseless fluctuations of design, so that we have something to do to trace the one mind at work through the successions of change. It may be noted that where men themselves attribute ill-success or mischance to separate distinct mistakes—as, for instance, to the choice of such an adviser, the engaging in such a speculation—those who have to observe them trace all to character. They see that, if failure had not come at such a juncture, it must at some other, from certain flaws in the man's nature which he must heal and repair before he can go straight—that mistakes simply mark occasions when he was tested. We see in a career a hundred chances thrown away and wasted, not at all from accident; though the person looking back, does not know why he choose the wrong, and is still only aware of having vacillated between two courses in a certain toss-up state of mind, in which, as far as he sees, he might just as well have chosen right—he being the last to remember that a crisis is the occasion for hidden faults and predominating influences to declare themselves, so that his mistakes were, in a manner, inevitable. For example, one man rushes headlong into an uncongenial, imprudent marriage, which may be considered the mistake, *par excellence*, of life. Can there be properly anything merely accidental in such a step? Does it not belong to a certain course of action—to a vein of folly or conceit, of which something of the sort is a natural sequence, which he only escapes by a happy accident or want of opportunity. Another man is intending to marry all his life, and dies a peevish old bachelor, owning his mistake; but others can trace a whole course of weak compliance, or selfish ungenerous caution, as the cause of his present isolation.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is worthy of notice that at the cremation of the body of a manufacturer named Stier, which recently took place at Gotha, Germany, the dean of the clergy of that city, who performed the funeral ceremonies, took the opportunity of stating that the presence of the whole of the clergy of the town at the incineration was intended as a public and solemn mark of their assent to the process, which involved nothing that was contrary to the letter or even spirit of the evangelists or to the acts of the apostles.

AS every physician knows, it is no uncommon thing for adults to have diphtheria, so mildly that it is mistaken for an ordinary sore throat, resulting from cold; yet such a person can easily infect a child, and the child become a centre of malignant infection. In view of the fatal prevalence of diphtheria, therefore, the kissing of a child upon the mouth by a person with a sore throat is hazardous, if not criminal; and scarcely less so is the practice of allowing children to kiss their ailing playmates. It would be wise to exercise great caution in this matter, if not to discontinue the practice of kissing upon the mouth altogether.

OF all fruit-raising cranberry culture is the most uncertain, not more than one season in five or six escaping the early frost, against which there is no protection, and of whose approach there is no warning, while the vines are always subject to the attacks of the cranberry worm, which sometimes destroys the entire crop. The yield of 1871 was the largest ever known, and was successfully harvested, but it has been followed either by total failures or only partial crops. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in the business, which is attended with the greatest risk, but offers the possibility of a large fortune, or a great failure and disappointment.

THE Spanish proverb has it: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night." But it is said of Americans that they do not seem to have heard of this proverb, nor to have one of their own experience. More frequently they eat fruit at night, and hence have not the sovereign idea of it that they would have if they had eaten it at more proper times. They eat it as dessert at dinner. This may be the most proper time to eat dried fruits, but it is not the right time to eat juicy ones. The Spanish people learned their proverb from eating the very juicy fruits, like oranges. These should be eaten in the morning a little before dinner—not later than noon. Early in the day they will, if eaten, prove to be the best possible medicine for the bilious.

THE telephone is to be made use of by the New York Department of Docks hereafter in submarine diving. In dredging for the foundations of piers the Department has found it necessary for divers to examine the bed of the river, and there has been felt a need for some means of communication between the divers and the men on the dredges. Edison's duplex telephone is used. A battery, connected with one instrument, is placed on the dredge, and insulated wires run to a second telephone in the helmet of the diver. This is so arranged that the diver can apply either his mouth or his ear to the speaking cups by turning his head. Thus he can converse with ease while at work on the bottom of the river. This application of the telephone, it is thought, will not only extend the use of the instrument, but will prove a most important aid to submarine diving.

ONE of the curious facts in marriage statistics, shows that there has been in Great Britain of late years a gradual decrease in the proportion of marriages solemnized according to the rites of the Established Church, while at the same time the proportion of civil marriages is steadily increasing. Word comes from Rome that a bill will soon be brought in to make the civil marriage obligatory before the religious ceremony is gone through, instead of leaving it, as now, to the option of persons concerned. The old superstition against Tuesdays and Fridays as unlucky days for marriages, is religiously adhered to in Rome. In the past three years there were in all the city only seventeen on a Tuesday and nine on a Friday. The favorite month in the year for marrying is October, and next to that the Carnival time. May is not considered a lucky month.

THAT literary tasks can become as formidable and appalling to some minds as they are agreeable and easy to others, is illustrated by several attempted suicides of persons who had literary work to perform. A school girl in Palatine, Ill., tried to drown herself because she had been ordered to write a composition. A politician in Lansing, Mich., became exceedingly nervous before sitting down to write a speech, and before the work was done he was insane. He stabbed himself with the paper-cutter that he had been using. A Baltimore medical student, depressed on the prospect of preparing a thesis, swallowed laudanum; and a Frenchman, whose expenses were paid to the French Exhibition by a scientific society, on condition that he should write an article on his observations there, became frightened by the task, and committed suicide.

WORKINGMEN in the village of Gunston, Va., have circumvented the hard times in a novel and successful way. A co-operative association furnishes its members with constant employment at fair wages, and they board in one large family house, and thereby reduce the cost of living about one-half. They have a large farm and garden, and are employed raising food, making clothing, erecting buildings, making roads and fences, cutting fuel and in housekeeping for themselves, producing with their own labor nearly all that it required to supply their wants and make them comfortable, with a considerable surplus which they sell. Each member is required to save a considerable part of his wages. None of them have been idle a day during the past nine months. We hope this example may prove to others a means to solve the difficulties which attend the visitation of "hard times."

LIEBIG has chemically demonstrated that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that it is richer than wheaten bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle, and he considers one of the most healthful and nourishing articles of diet is oatmeal. When properly cooked and eaten with sugar and cream it forms a dish which most people relish better than meat for breakfast, and is very much cheaper. Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students of the University—a very numerous class and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the English; and highest of all the Scotch, and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge.

BAGDAD has lately been visited by an epidemic fever, which is attributed to the general imperfection of its sanitary arrangements. Fever is indeed almost constantly raging among the poorer classes of Bagdad, who die in large numbers, being unable to pay the exorbitant charges demanded by the native druggists for quinine. They have, however, another antidote by which they set great store, and which has at least the merit of costing no money and being easy of application. A large gun, captured many years ago by the Turks in a war with the Persians, occupies a prominent position in the city, being placed on a kind of scaffold and illuminated at night by four lanterns. This gun is firmly believed to possess the miraculous power of curing fever and warding off its attacks. Accordingly when fever is most prevalent, dense crowds push and struggle with each other with the object of reaching the gun and rubbing themselves against it.

THE recent improvements in the electric light are leading photographers to study the practicability of using it in their daily or nightly business of taking portraits. Already the light has been used in some branches of photography, but no one has yet attempted in this country to take portraits at night as a permanent business. The main drawback has been the supposed expense of generating the electricity, which, it was feared, would make the pictures too dear; but the most recent improvements remove this objection. It appears to be practicable to manufacture electricity, and distribute it for use within the radius of a mile; so that instead of having an expensive apparatus for generating the electricity in each house, any one within the radius of that mile may have the electricity furnished as easily as water, gas or steam. At present things seem favorable to the prospect of photographing by electric light in this country. The London Stereoscopic has already made experiments in taking pictures with this light, and the result has been very successful. It is said that the pictures are much softer than the ordinary sun photographs, and resemble pen-and-ink sketches. The new process can, of course, be worked in all seasons, and in all weathers, and this will immensely increase the working capacities of every photographic establishment.

The great anticipation and excitement of the day in Paris, is the approaching lottery drawing. The prizes being voluntary gifts vary in value and utility, and it is said that many of them have been given by exhibitors simply desirous of getting rid of unsaleable stock. Tradesmen are still hurrying up every day with gifts. One has come again and again with a live monkey, and appears to be seriously pained that the Commissioners will not accept his offer of feeding this beast until the day when he can be remitted to the winner—perhaps some old lady in Scotland who abhors apes. A well-known professor has come with the obliging offer to give twenty-four lessons in calligraphy gratis, as a prize; and another has volunteered to teach swimming. There is a set of diamonds worth 100,000f., and there are corkscrews, eminent men in chocolate, actresses in soap, hot house shrubs, spermaceti candles and perfumery. Works of art of great merit, and blacking likewise. The slightest article is laid out in so ornamental a way that it is impossible not to feel happy in hopes of gaining an artistic pot of mustard. Some of the "lots" are of great intrinsic value. A famed horticulturist has offered a collection of rarities in full growth, and there are phaetons, horses, landaus, children's perambulators; and not the least amusing part of the lottery will be the singularity of the different uses of things which will rarely be appropriate to all conditions of ticket holders. The Prince of Wales has numbers in nearly all the series, and so have the foreign grandees who attended the distribution of awards. Strange enough it is that the first million of tickets circulated appear more enviable than the tickets in the latter series. The idea is so general that possessors of the early numbers are speculating on them, and are selling their one-franc tickets for twenty five francs. In vain have the members of the lottery commission proved the idea to be erroneous and endeavored to steady the public mind by demonstrating that all the tickets, even in the last million, will be drawn alike; the superstition and the greed exist.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Out far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach ;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech ;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley —
Ah, me ! how my spirit was stirred !—
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard ;
They pass down the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are harrowed with care ?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there ;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI—[CONTINUED.]

PERPETUAL scheming!"

"With Rome, you know. To dispossess that little Pomeroy and put yourself in his place."

"It is by right my place," said Leolin.

"Of course you think so. I think with you, for that matter. But Anna and her father both looked at it in the opposite light, you know: and he feels sure that Anna gets frightened at what the consequences may be; that she never has a truly happy moment. And he says if you don't mind, you'll lose her."

"I am extremely obliged to him," stiffly spoke Leolin. "I hope I can take better care of my wife than that. Perhaps you will tell him so, Lady Essington?"

"Perhaps I won't. Of what use would it be? Talking of trouble, here's Cardine in a fine plight again."

"Cardine is never out of a plight, is he ?" returned Leolin, his good-humor not restored.

"When his father gets him out of it; never else. We shall have to sell Hawk's Rest, I expect, this time. And now poor Hildyard must go and break up! As my husband says, it is one trouble upon another."

"I have just come from Hildyard; from Russell Square. How sadly he looks! Dying, it seems to me."

"Ay. He got his death-blow when Lord Winchester ran off with Frances. There's another nice young man for you! Winchester and Cardine might have been running a race together to try which could get the deeper into debt. But I don't think Cardine would turn villain and break an old man's heart. Is Miss Pomeroy at the abbey now?"

"Yes; she came a few days ago. How is that pretty little friend of mine?" added Leolin, turning the conversation from the subject of the abbey—for it was not by any means his intention to disclose aught of the commotion just now agitating it, and he did not wish to be too closely questioned.

"Which little friend?"

"Annaline Hetley."

"Oh, poor little thing, she's at Naples with her father and mother and the rest of them. Frank Hetley has succeeded in getting some small diplomatic post there. By the way, I think you helped him to do it."

"And when are you going back to Pomeroy, Leolin?" asked Lady Geraldine, who had in vain tried to get in a word before.

"To-night. This is only a short stay this time. I just wanted to say a word or two to Hildyard. And I am glad I came; for I suppose I shall never see him again.

And so, the lunch concluded, and the day wore on. And by the night train Leolin traveled down to Pomeroy.

He found the place in a worse commotion than when he left it. During each of the two nights of his absence the shade of Guy, Lord of Pomeroy, had again been seen in the west tower. Amidst others, Norris the surgeon, cold, keen, and sceptical upon the subject of ghosts in general, had seen and recognised it.

The day passed on. Far from any improvement setting in at Pomeroy, matters became worse. The peace of the abbey was gone. It was only too evident, to all who chose to exercise their sight, that the spirit of the unhappy Lord of Pomeroy did indeed haunt the spot where he had met his terrible death; that he could not rest in his grave. Night after night that figure was seen in the rooms, sometimes close to the window, the moon shining on it; on the dark nights the watches would see it surrounded by a light. Restless, ever restless was the spirit. Father Andrew had himself locked the doors, as he assured them with his own lips; but what of that? in every one of the rooms of the west wing would it appear in succession, gliding through them as only spirits can be supposed to glide.

One evening Leolin took up his station in the haunted room, with Father Andrew and Cox the custodian. Until morning dawn watched they, seeing and hearing nothing. Entirely unmolested by sight or sound they remained.

That was not all. When the sun had risen, glinting the tops of the casements, and threw out the angles and corners of the rooms into broad daylight, they made a thorough search; not a nook escaped them: but no signs could be discovered of any person or thing, supernatural or human; not a trace was there of the appearance so often seen, not the faintest clue as to what it might be. And Leolin and the priest both convinced themselves, minutely examining the aspect and extent of the walls, that no private hiding-place could be concealed within them. Leolin locked up the room again, his brain more exercised than ever.

Perhaps the only inhabitant of the abbey who absolutely refused credence to these superstitious fancies, was the Lady of Pomeroy. But, as Joan remarked, Sybilla had always been of strong mind. Her father, John Gaunt, could never be brought to put faith in the supernatural, and Sybilla was like him.

Yet, in spite of the night's vigil that Leolin, the priest, and Cox had kept; in spite of their earnest testimony, that no one was or could be in the west wing, and therefore that no trick was being played (as had been late suggested;) the shadowy form was seen afterwards just as frequently as before, and trouble and discomfort prevailed, that Father Andrew should 'lay" the ghost by prayer. The idea was eagerly seized upon by the abbey, and the priest was applied to.

They went up in a body. At first he positively refused to do anything of the kind. The priest had never given in to the theory; from him had emanated the suggestion that it might be a trick. However for peace' sake; or, rather, hoping that it might induce peace, he consented.

"I'll do it," he said, "as you are all so urgent; but I protest against it. There's no ghost to lay, and never has been any."

At the appointed hour the west wing was thrown open, and the priest, arrayed in his sacred vestments, went in. He sprinkled the rooms with holy water as he passed through them, and in that of the west tower, the haunted room, he read a prayer for the repose of the spirit of Guy Pomeroy. No irreverence could lie in that, whether the spirit did wander or whether it did not.

And nothing did come of it, for in spite of the prayer and; the holy water, the apparition wandered more than ever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE SEAT BY THE SEA.

IT was the first Sunday in November; and the day, a bright one, was fading into night. The weather since the middle of October had been beautiful.

Standing talking together at the lodge, in the gathering twilight, were Charles Knox of the Knoll and James Knox, the agent. Mr. Knox chose to take a friendly notice of his poorer kinsman once in a way; and he had walked over to see him this afternoon; had taken some tea with him, and was now preparing to say good night. But their discourse had turned upon old family reminiscences; and Charles Knox lingered yet.

It might be said that the night had fairly set in when he shook hands and finally took his departure. He was a little man of impetuous movements and temper, good-hearted and honest; his face a chronic redness, his nose sharp. Mrs. Pomeroy's imperious rejection of him had not lain on his heart; since then he had wooed and won a charming girl, who had now just presented him with a son and heir.

Leaving Pomeroy abbey to the left, he continued the gentle ascent of the high road; which in twenty minutes, or so, would take him to his own gates. If he chose to strike off to the left beyond the abbey gardens, and pursue the field way, he would shorten his route by some five minutes. Mr. Knox was deliberating with himself in an indifferent kind of way whether he should do this, when a blue flame, suddenly flaring up from a ship out at sea, cut his thoughts short.

"What does the vessel want?" he exclaimed to himself, standing still to gaze. "Or are the sailors simply amusing themselves?"

Turning off the road, he descended some steps cut in the rock, not very high there, and gained the beech below. The rocks jutted out in a point at each end, and partially enclosed it; at the end of the village a natural seat in the rock was formed. Mrs. Knox remembered this seat and went towards it, intending to take up his station there for a short while and watch. If the ship was in distress, he might be able to give the alarm.

But, when half way to the seat, he suddenly halted. It was occupied. Some man sat there. A man who, disturbed no doubt by his footsteps, turned his face sharply round to scan the intruder. And when the eyes of Knox of the Knoll rested on that face, his heart gave a wild leap within him.

"It is Rupert Pomeroy!" gasped he.

Drawing up a short cloak, that seemed to have fallen from his shoulders as he sat, drawing down his cap until it concealed his face as well as head, the poor exile and wanderer leaped up the rocks behind him; a short but dangerous ascent.

"Rupert! Rupert!" cried Charles Knox in a loud whisper. "Wait. I am your friend —Knox of the Knoll. I'll do what I can for you."

But the only answer was the continuous ascent of Rupert, and the muffled sound of a human voice, that seemed to come from the air above. "Back, Knox; back."

Mr. Knox had not scaled those rocks since he was a boy. He did not care to try the feat now, for he knew how easy it would be to slip backwards; he ran to the steps and hastened up them. The tall, thin, cloaked figure was striding across the road and the greensward beyond it, making for the abbey gardens. Charles Knox strode after him.

But to no purpose. A small door stood here in the midst of the wall. The fugitive gained it, opened it and disappeared within the gardens. Mr. Knox ran up at the best speed of his legs, to find the door locked against him.

"What a dreadful thing," he exclaimed: meaning of course that Rupert should be at Pomeroy. "What frightful hazard!"

Standing like one bewildered, he had still his hand on the door when somebody else came in view. Norris the surgeon: who had, in fact, been to the Knoll to pay his evening visit to Mrs. Knox. The doctor recognized him and left the road to cross the greensward. Mr. Knox crossed it also, and met him half way.

"I was never so startled in my life," cried Knox; and, in the mental confusion and perplexity of the moment he disclosed to the doctor what had just happened. Mr. Norris, an equable man at all times and seasons, took the news calmly.

"I suspected Rupert must be here," was his reply. "Two or three people declare that they have seen him."

"But what culpable imprudence!" exclaimed Mr. Knox. "I think I had better tell Leolin Pomeroy."

He walked back by the doctor's side to the abbey. They both entered it together. The one to pay a professional visit to Lady Anna; the other to seek an interview with her husband.

Leolin was sitting at the open window, without lights, when Mr. Knox was shown in. He had seen the blue light thrown up from the ship, and was watching.

Charles Knox sat down, and in a low covert tone, imparted to him what had taken place.

Every pulse within him coursing on to fever heat, every wild apprehension that imagination could suggest rising up in his heart, Leolin, in his fear and distress, yet made a feint of doubting the words.

"It could not be," he said; "your eyesight must have deceived you."

"Could not be!" retorted peppery Mr. Knox. "Do you think I have forgotten your brother? I say that it was Rupert; Rupert himself; and I am come here to tell it you."

Not for long did Leolin hold out. His heart was sinking with despair. Clasping the friendly hands that were so willing to meet his, he confessed that the very thing he had been dreading for two or three weeks past was this: that Rupert was lying concealed at Pomeroy.

"Through the door into the gardens, you say?" mused Leolin. "But the gardeners keep that door locked."

"He must have a key that opens it."

"And what can he want in the gardens —and where can he be hiding?"

"Had we not better go there?" suggested Charles Knox.

Down stairs at once went they, passed along the cloisters, and thence to the gardens by the proper entrance.

The ship and her blue lights were forgotten now. Hither and thither through the grounds they stole. Once or twice, Leolin called out his brother's name in a semi-whisper:

"Rupert! Rupert!"

All in vain. The gardens were, or appeared to be, entirely deserted. Of course there was every opportunity for Rupert, if indeed he was still in them, to escape detection; to make his silent way to one part while they were searching another.

The small door opposite the sea was locked; no sign existed of anyone's having passed its portals. And at last, when something like an hour and a half had elapsed, they had to give up the quest as a fruitless one.

"Whatever happens, rely upon me," said Charles Knox, pressing Leolin's hand in parting.

He hastened home to his wife—who probably was wondering whether he had run away from her. And Leolin sat on at the open window again, gazing at the sea, too uneasy to go to bed, too sick at heart to remember how the night was passing.

Monday dawned. A sunny morning. In front of the abbey gateway, Miss Mary Pomeroy's pony, saddled and bridled, was being led about; Jeffs, already mounted, waited in the rear.

For once Mrs. Pomeroy had taken advice. Herself impressed with the conviction that the abbey in its present state of excitement was not a desirable residence for her little daughter, she had lost no time in placing Mary at the convent.

In spite of the child's opposition, Mrs. Pomeroy carried her point; and it was just a fortnight ago to-day that Mary entered. But some concession had to be made; without it, perhaps the fate of the battle would have been doubtful, for Mrs. Pomeroy had to do with a will stronger by nature than her own. She promised the child that she should always come home from Saturday to Monday; that is, Mary was to be what is called a weekly boarder. To this Mary yielded, and went with a tolerably good grace.

On the previous Monday morning, a week ago, she had made no objection to going back.

On this morning they were waiting for her to come out, a groom holding the pony, Jeffs ready to escort her.

But she refused to return. She said in her imperious, self-willed manner, she was going for a ride and would not go to the convent.

"It is a beautiful morning," she said; "I should like a ride and I shall take it, mamma. I mean to pay a visit to grandmamma, and to Naomi Rex. If I feel inclined, I shall ride about all day, and get to the convent at bed time."

With perfect calmness, but with the utmost depth of displayed will, the young lady asserted this.

Mrs. Pomeroy broke out into scolding, her voice raised higher than it need have been. In the midst of it Leolin appeared.

"What is the disturbance?" he asked. "Is anything amiss, Mrs. Pomeroy? Won't go back to school properly! I am surprised at you, Mary."

"I insist upon your riding off at once," interposed her mother. "There. Be a good child, and present my regards to the ladies."

Apparently, Mary prepared to obey, for she urged the pony a few steps forward. Then she halted opposite the young lord.

"I shall not say good bye to you, Rupert; and I don't know that I shall speak to you when I next come home. You are very wicked this morning. You might have come with me if you would. Good-bye, mamma. Good-bye, all. I am off now, Jeffs. To grandmamma's first!"

Self-will! Treason! Surely enough, the young lady, riding off at a canter, deliberately took the road to Mrs. Wylde's, not so much as looking at that which led to the convent.

"Rupert, run!" gasped Mrs. Pomeroy in a half angry, half despairing accent, for how to manage the child, she knew not. "Run round to the stables, get on your pony as quickly as you can, and ride after her. You are the only one in this world who has any influence over her will, who can persuade her. Show her that she must go back to the convent at once. Make haste! What will the ladies think!"

Away flew Rupert. He desired nothing better than to ride with Mary this sunny morning. Her reproach to him had been caused by his having refused to go with her in disobedience.

"You get your pony, Rupert, and we'll take a good long ride together; never mind your tutor or your mother or mamma," she had said.

And when Rupert, who had none of her daring defiance to authorities and rules, replied that he would not go clandestinely, she had reviled him in her childish way.

Three minutes, and Rupert was galloping after her. They saw him join her; they saw him put his hand on Mary's bridle rein, and talk to her in his earnest way.

He did not quite prevail; but the young rebel consented to a compromise. She paid the visit to her grandmother at the White House, and then returned to the convent.

The group round the abbey gates, after watching as much of this as they could see, went indoors, Leolin alone remaining. His time seemed to hang on hand, his days passed listlessly. Leolin had no heart for anything. Shooting, boating, other sports —all had lost their zest.

Take, for instance, this morning. There he stood, the sun shining, on his good-looking face, utterly at a loss what to do with himself. Should he ride out on horseback as the children had just done; should he stroll through the village; should he go off yonder and sit on the rocks and gaze at the monotonous sea, as his unwelcome brother Rupert had sat the previous night, and strive for the five-hundredth time to think out his perplexities? Should he take his gun, and ——

"Good morning, Mr. Pomeroy."

"Ah, good morning," answered Leolin, wheeling round to see James Knox, the agent, who was coming up to his daily business. "A fine day."

"Very," said James Knox.

Purely from the lack of something to do, Leolin turned and walked by his side to the business chamber. Jame Knox, who was very busy just then with the rents, privately wished Leolin and his desultory chat elsewhere. Something was said about the flourishing state of the revenues, and the increased income that must accrue to the

Lady of Pomeroy; it put Leolin in mind of Major Barkley, and he mentioned his name.

"I talked to him on Saturday," carelessly replied the agent: and Leolin caught up the words with a start.

"Talking to him on Saturday! To Barkley? Where is he, then?"

"He is staying at Owlstone; but I fancy he is coming here on a visit to the lady. He was here on Saturday. She brought him into this room and introduced me to him."

"Seems to make himself at home!" exclaimed Leolin, his ire excited at the bare mention of the man: and he remembered that on Saturday he had, for a wonder, taken a whole day's shooting, thereby escaping the sight of Major Barkley and the knowledge of his visit.

"Quite so," observed Knox, innocently acquiescing in the remark. "He went to see Jerome during the afternoon."

"What did he want with Jerome?" cried Leolin, haughtily.

"Nothing particular, I suppose. I saw him coming out of the keep."

Whether rightly or wrongly, as circumstances might hereafter decide, Leolin was cherishing a strong prejudice against this Major Barkley. If it pleased Sybilla to have him at the abbey and make much of him, no one had the power to say her nay; but what right had the fellow to intrude himself into the keep?

Quitting the room at once, Leolin stalked round to the keep, and rang a peal on the bell that might have startled old Jerome if he heard it. It was to be inferred that he did not hear it, as it remained unanswered. Leolin rang on.

"He must be out, I suppose! Where can he have gone to at this early hour?"

As the words left Leolin's lips and he was about to give it up, the door was slowly drawn open by Jerome. Scared and pale, the old man stood there staring, very much as though Leolin had been the ghost come round from the haunted room.

"What do you mean, Jerome, by keeping me ringing like this? Are you deaf, that you could not hear it?"

"I was upstairs, sir," was Jerome's tremulous answer, his shaking hands drawing forth a chair for his master. "I hope you'll please to pardon me, Mr. Leolin."

"Did you have a visit from a Major Barkley on Saturday?" began Leolin.

"Oh, sir! Why do you ask that?"

"Why do I ask that?" retorted Leolin; suspicions, he knew not of what, cropping up in his mind. "I have a right to ask it; and have it answered. What did Major Barkley want with you?"

"He wanted nothing with me, sir; nothing that could anger you. The gentleman was good enough to call and ask how I was, just as he did the other times he has stayed here. He heard of old Jerome from Mr. George, sir, and he, being a kindly gentleman, came to tell me so; and he has slipped a crown piece into my hand each time."

Leolin knitted his brow: had he been making a mountain of a molehill? The old man was shaking and shivering.

"What are you trembling at, Jerome?"

"Trembling, sir? I'm old now, Mr. Leolin, and these stories that are being told about the abbey, and what's seen there, upset me. Never a ring sharper than ordinary comes to the door, but it puts me in a twitter."

"You have not got my brother concealed here in the keep, have you?" cried Leolin, after a pause. And Jerome stared at the questioner like a demented man, never answering.

"I speak of poor Rupert," explained Leolin. "Is he here?"

"The good Lord forbid!" ejaculated Jerome, crossing himself: and his terrified dismay at the bad idea was too genuine not to assure Leolin, had he needed assurance, that wheresoever Rupert might be sheltering himself, it was not at the keep. Though indeed he had but spoken idly, the remark of Mr. Hildyard chancing to occur to him.

"Look here, Jerome—you are a faithful servant of the Pomeroys, and I will mention to you a fear which has been haunting me. This apparition—that the servants talk of; that is scaring their wits away—I hold a theory that it may be Rupert."

"Ah, no, Mr. Leolin," said the old man mournfully. "It is not, it cannot be Mr. Rupert. It is the Lord of Pomeroy, sir: he has never been able to lie quiet in his grave. And, sir, I think it is nothing short of presumptuous heresy for the servants, and others, to go ferreting into that west tower. Better let it be. Spirits that come again should not be tampered with."

To argue on the subject of supernatural appearances with Jerome would have been a hopeless task; and Leolin took his departure.

A little more time passed on, uncomfortably. Major Barkley still made Owlstone his head-quarters, though why he should do so Leolin could not conceive. Unless it was to enjoy the society of the Lady of Pomeroy, for he had made occasional trips over, staying at the abbey for two or three days together. Leolin avoided him as much as he decently could. Joan was sometimes at home, sometimes at the convent.

Matters were in this state when a terrible incident occurred. One afternoon Joan and Leolin went to call upon some friends who lived near, and sat with them until dark. Dark, however, it was not; for the moon, once more high in the sky, occasionally gave her light; now hiding herself under a cloud, now shining out, clear and brilliant. Their nearest way back lay across the fields, past the chapel. Under the yew hedge that skirted the small graveyard they met Father Andrew. He was going home, but turned to walk with them.

"I have just been with Mrs. Pomeroy," the priest observed. "My opinion is, that if we cannot get this mania and belief in the apparition out of her mind, it will kill her. She protests to me that she saw it plainer last night than she has done at all, except the first time in the haunted chamber."

"It is no mania, father," said Joan.

The priest took her quickly up. "Have you seen it?"

"No. I have kept myself from the sight. I trust I shall never see it."

"Neither has anybody seen it, save Mrs. Pomeroy and the servants. We all know what to understand when the servants profess such belief: and Mrs. Pomeroy, as I say, has a mania upon her."

"You forget Lady Anna—and Norris," interposed Leolin. He was in a fractious mood, no extraordinary case lately; to contradict even the father seemed a relief.

"Their eyes must have deceived them; I insist upon it that they must. And as to your family—why do you know how superstitious you have been from your cradles."

A temporary silence ensued. In passing the keep, the moon, sailing majestically from behind a cloud, threw her light upon them; and upon—what?

Right in front of them, of the path they must walk over, stood the spirit of Guy, Lord of Pomeroy. As if to confute the ridiculing disbelief of the priest, there it was, as ghostly, as high, as shadowy as it had ever appeared, its dull eyes fixed upon them in reproach, and its hare-lip conspicuous on its livid face.

The priest, a little in advance, stepped back, crossed his forehead, his breast, crossed himself, in short, all over, and began mechanically a paternoster; Joan, with a suppressed wail of terror and pain, turned and clung to Leolin. The next moment, when they looked up, it had vanished. Vanished whither? In truth they knew not. The thick stone walls of the keep, the mother earth: which—what had received it?

"Father Andrew?" uttered Leolin, surprised for the moment into solemnity, "did you see it?"

"Oh, mercy be good to us, yes!" confessed the priest, wiping his face. "That was Guy Pomeroy. No mistake about it."

"Can the poor spirit have been wandering all these nine years without cessation?" bewailed Joan, in her agony of distress. "Oh, Father Andrew! If it could but be laid to rest!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TROUBLE AND TERROR.

STRANGE commotion was in the Abbey of Pomeroy. A young child was dying. It was the third infant of Lady Anna Pomeroy's that had thus been prematurely cut off, and all unexpectedly. The other two had been girls; this was a boy, little Hugh, and valued accordingly; a strong, beautiful child, a few months old.

So well, so well had he seemed this very morning: almost convalescent. Leolin Pomeroy had stood over its cradle laughing and talking, as he discussed with his wife some joyful news. The dream of his later life—the hope of dispossessing the young Lord of Pomeroy, to reign, himself, in his stead—appeared to be close upon fruition. For a messenger had travelled direct to Pomeroy from the Court of Rome, bringing glad tidings to Leolin.

He needed them. He needed that some ray of sunshine should temper the gloom and horror in which the abbey was steeped. For that atmosphere of superstition, which had for some two months reigned within it, for it was now December, had not cleared itself one whit. Guy, Lord of Pomeroy, so long dead, haunted it, and would be seen at times by the affrighted inhabitants.

This brings us to the last day of the child's life. It was the first day of the week—Monday. Another week set in of miserable discomfort to Leolin, as to whether his cherished scheme would prosper eventually, or perish. One and twenty days to-day since a word, good or bad, had reached him from Rome. Leolin took his breakfast in moody silence.

But, how one short hour may change things! Barely had Leolin quitted the breakfast-room for the library, when a messenger direct from Rome was shown in charged to confer with Leolin.

The conference lasted two hours and a half. And then Leolin made his way to his wife, his mien radiant. Anna stood over her baby, as he lay in his cradle, laughing and crowing.

"If he keeps as well as this, he shall go out to-morrow, Christine," she observed joyfully to the nurse. "The weather is still mild." But at this moment Leolin walked in, and motioned the nurse away.

"At last, Anna!" he exclaimed. "I shall soon once more hail you as Lady of Pomeroy."

"Have they dissolved the marriage, then?" returned Anna, in a quiet voice, as if the news were a matter of indifference to her.

"No: and I am not sure that they will dissolve it. Signor Gallino has come here all the way from Rome to confer with me. Gallino says the marriage will have to stand good, once and for all. But the Court will refuse to recognize any as Lord of Pomeroy save my brother Rupert, the poor wanderer; and it will recognize me as lord during Rupert's absence."

"Has the Court of Rome pronounced this?"

"It is on the eve of doing it."

"But—the English law?" debated Anna. "If Sybilla should refuse to yield obedience to this—should call the law to her aid?"

"And would she dare to do it, do you imagine? Whatever may be Sybilla's shortcomings in other respects, she is faithful and obedient to her church. Rupert can never return; openly, at least; so I reign for life."

"Leolin, darling, it is not just; the young lord is the heir, failing Rupert; let him reign. How can we be happier than we are?" added Anna, looking up with a smile. "The baby is almost well: what more need we care for?"

Leolin Pomeroy bent over the cradle, and dropped the subject. The baby smiled at him, and closed its little fist round the forefinger Leolin placed within it. "You young Turk! you'd like to keep me a prisoner, would you? He will be quite well in a day or two, Anna."

"I hope so."

"Forget his danger, Anna love, he is well again: and therefore the more reason exists for my assuming my right. Our child must succeed me in it. Will you come in to luncheon and see Gallino?"

"I think not, Leolin. I do not know him: and I hardly care to leave baby."

Leolin went back to his guest. And, when the hasty meal was over, drove him to Owlstone to catch a London train. Signor Gallino had come charged with other missions as well as that to Leolin.

Leolin returned home just in time to dress for dinner. In the drawing-room he found his wife, standing over the large fire. Her face was a subdued face this evening; it was generally so now; her eyes carried with them a faint suspicion of recent tears. Leolin could not but notice this demeanor: it contrasted so strongly with his own joyous mood.

"Dinner, my lady," announced one of the servants, throwing wide the door.

Leolin took his wife's hand, led her in, and they sat down to table. He was gay and talkative. His mood this evening was really a joyous one. The last course was on the table, when Christine, the nurse, came swiftly into the room, her eyes wild. The baby was in convulsions.

With a stifled cry, Anna flew to the chamber. Leolin followed. It was too true. The child's life was ebbing fast.

Oh, then was confusion. One attendant ran hither, another thither; Mr. Norris came upon the wings of the wind, Father Andrew was sent for. Leolin drew his weeping wife away from the scene to a quieter chamber; he essayed to speak a few soothing words. Her countenance was full of deep meaning of dread.

"There is some strange fate upon us, Leolin, and you provoke it. Three times have you been on the point, or seemed to be, of dispossessing that little boy, Sybilla's child, and each time our child's life has paid for it. And yet—Leolin!—you are not a whit nearer your ambition than you were, for the young lord is the lord still."

Sheer surprise had kept Leolin silent. Was his wife losing her wits?—had the trouble scared them away? He did not feel sure it was not so. "I am astonished at you, Anna! At any other moment I should reprove you. Put away fancies so ridiculous, my dearest."

"I wish I could put away my baby's danger," she returned, in a wailing tone. "Oh, Leolin! I tell you I think I shall go with him, if he is to die. Heaven is displeased; it is assuredly against us. No, don't keep me; pray don't keep me! Let me see the last of him!"

What could Leolin do in answer to this piteous appeal but let her return to the sick chamber? He looked in at the door himself, but that was all. Men do not like such scenes; and, what with doctors and servants, there was no room for him. Putting on his hat, he went down to the cloisters.

Slowly pacing the cloisters, his heart was full of resentment and bitterness. Resentment against what, or whom? He could not have told. It was an indisputable fact, that each of the times which had seemed to bring his ambitious dreams especially near their fulfilment had witnessed the death of one of his children: his elder child first, then the second. And now, when for the third time the like prospect of speedy realization was brought close to him, the third child was smitten.

It was a cold night, very bright, the stars and the moon shining. The mildness of the day had given place to a sharp frost—and it was always cold in those windy cloisters. Leolin wore no overcoat over his dress: his inward fever of thought kept his blood warm. Another matter, which had troubled him lately, lay sharply on his mind to-night: and that was his wife's health.

"Leolin!"

So lost was he in these unwelcome thoughts, that he half started at the call. His sister had approached him, her dark face stern in its distress.

"Leolin, what is it that is amiss with the child?"

"Convulsions," was the short reply. "He is dying."

"Alas, poor child! Poor Anna! The third infant: all so healthy and lovely, and yet—you cannot keep them!"

She had turned to pace the cloisters with him and they walked side by side in silence. Presently Joan spoke again, in a low tone.

"Why do you bring it upon yourself, Leolin?"

"Bring it upon myself!" echoed Leolin. "Bring what?"

Joan laid her hand upon his arm soothingly, its very clasp bespeaking peace.

"You bring it upon yourself," she calmly repeated. "This plotting of yours, this perpetual working and striving to deprive Sybilla's child of his rights—why do you persist in it?"

"Because he is Sybilla's child," was the answer.

"He is George's. And George was the Lord of Pomeroy. Have you forgotten the Gaunt death-bed? It is known abroad Leolin. I speak of Gaunt's words. They might have proved to you either a blessing or a curse, as you took them up: hitherto you have made them the latter——"

"Joan!"

"Well, I will say, provoked it. 'As you deal by this child, so may you be prosperous in your own children.' They were Gaunt's words to you, Leolin. And how have you dealt by the child? and how have you prospered in your own children?"

"We are called a superstitious race, I know," sarcastically rejoined Leolin, "but I have yet to learn that importance can be attached to the prejudiced ravings of a dying man."

"What did Gaunt himself tell you?" quickly returned Joan—"to take heed how you despised the warning of a dying man. I know not: you know not: but we both do know that these death admonitions are sometimes strangely worked out: we both know that Gaunt's warning to you has so been.

You are dreaming yourself Joan. You were born a few centuries too late; you should have lived when astrologers and witches flourished."

"'When Pomeroy's heir goes forth a bride to win,
And Pomeroy's heir goes forth in vain;
When Pomeroy's lord by a lie doth gain,
Then woe to the Pomeroys twain and twain.'"

Quite solemnly did Joan recite the lines aloud: that she put faith in them was very evident. Leolin's face was immovable.

"That poor Guy did win Alice by a lie, is too true, I fear," continued Joan. "And what has the result been?—what sad fate has it brought upon you all; you four brothers. Guy was murdered; Rupert an exile; George is dead; and you—you are an unhappy and troubled man, Leolin. It has, indeed, been woe to you all, twain and twain."

"I cannot see what good it does to recall these things—or to discuss them."

Leolin's tone was hard; made so, perhaps, by his pain.

"You must take your own course, Leolin. But your line of conduct does not tend to bring you honor."

"What conduct?"

"To the boy. You often insult him; and the account of it is whispered throughout the abbey."

"So he carries tales away, does he?"

"No. But Mary does. You know what she is?"

"I know that she has an insolent spirit, and it ought to be taken out of her——for her own sake."

"She has Guy's spirit: but Mary has her good points. Mary is a truthful child and the soul of honor."

"And is allowed to insult her elders with impunity. I——Joan! what is the matter?"

They were in front of the west tower. Joan halted, and stood gazing upwards as if turned to stone. She clasped Leolin, and pointed to the window of the haunted room, the glass in which had never been repaired. "Leolin—see!—there!"

Glaring down upon them with its ghastly face, Guy's face, was the figure that had lately been frightening the inmates of the abbey to sickness, almost to death. Never had it looked more shadowy, more ghastly, than it looked now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT the German Embassy in Washington they say the Duke of Connaught will next year become Viceroy of Ireland; also that the Prussian Princess who is to be his Duchess is, in addition to being very pretty, agreeable and amiable, and, like the Prince himself, full of toleration and without an atom of religious bigotry.

In Mecklenburg-Schwerin capital punishment had been abandoned for twenty years, the Grand Duke having commuted all sentences, but, owing to the increase of serious crime this practice has been given up, and one execution has already been performed.

MY DARLING.

At last the tardy twilight's gone
The sun sank redly in the west
Down banks of haze; now with night's dawn
The moon glows wan, like one caress,
And still, as all the long day through
I sit alone and think of you—
Darling—my darling.

Where are you, sweet? This summer night
Shines the [illegible] moon on into your face?
I think I see the bounteous light
Touch its fair lines with tender grace.
I even dare believe I see
A look of yearning love for me—
Darling—my darling.

How long ago was it you went
And left me waiting here alone?
The backward good-by look you sent
Lies in my heart and makes a moan,
Recalling how your red lips bore
Afar my kisses, sad and sore—
Darling—my darling.

I cannot count, they seem so long
If weeks or months have passed since then
But in my soul a wistful song
Sings low, and calls you back again—
Sings all the night and all the day,
Softly, as unseen angels pray—
Darling—my darling.

The Bank Robbery.

BY T. S. G.

ONE bright morning, a few years ago, great excitement prevailed in the office of the "City and Provincial Bank (Limited.")A mutinous feeling of discontent was plainly visible upon the faces of the thirty odd *employes*. The shoe pinched somewhere! Where was it?

The following notice, circulated for the perusal of each clerk, contained the secret of the unwonted gloom—

"Every gentleman will be required to remain at the banking-house two Sundays in the year, to assist in guarding the premises. —By order.

"J. SPOFFORTH, Secretary."

The gilding of a little extra pay might have made the pill easier to swallow, but on this point the notice was discreetly reticent. In the end, after a few days of conjecture and excitement, every one quietly resigned himself to his fate.

I had been ten years in the Bank, and received a salary which, though not magnificent, was sufficient to support in comfort a young wife; and very happy we were in our snug retreat at Wood Green. Of course we both thought it extremely hard to be separated even for two Sundays in the year, still we soon saw there was no thing for it but submission.

Now, though I, in common with others, rebelled against the forcible seizure of the Sunday's rest, yet it must be owned there was some reason for the extraordinary innovation. The strong-rooms of two neighboring establishments had been attempted within a fortnight, and a boy carrying bonds in Broad Street had been decoyed away and the securities stolen. But, worst of all, some pilfering had been going on for months in our own bank.

The bank boasted of four porters or messengers, one of whom (the chief) lived rent free in premises that nearly adjoined the building. He was a long lean man named Bennett, with a parchment face and goatee beard. Some people said he was civil, others servile; at all events he was quiet, well up up to his work, and high in favor with the authorities. Of the remaining three one had been a grocer's boy, and the other was a country lout put into a green coat and brass buttons, both honest creatures, but of no importance in this narrative. The fouth was an ex-policeman named Lance, a blunt, pleasant man, much given to relating queer stories of his former life, and not averse to a pot of beer for his trouble.

After eight weeks had passed since the official notification, it came round to my turn to keep guard. During the week preceding, the mystery had became still more intensified by the unaccountable disappearance of a twenty pound note, and matters began to assume a very grave aspect.

On arriving at the bank, the door was opened by the night-watchman, an old pensioned soldier who for one pound a week remained in the building all night, and vanished with the early morning on the arrival of the porters to open the doors. A few minutes afterwards Bennett walked in, accompanied, to my joy, by honest Lance whose wonderful stories I fondly hoped would help to relieve the tedium of a long, dull day; then, without more ado, I proceeded to make my first round. Preceded by Bennett with a lighted taper, I marched upstairs, through every room and office across perilous planks and up dangerous ladders, till we gained the trap-door which opened on to the roof; then down again to the lowest abysses of coal-cellar and strong-room, looking in vain for some concealed Guy Fawkes, who however was conspicuous by his absence. Very minutely did I examine and try the drawer, which had been already tampered with, as I knew it contained, besides stamps, a large sum in gold and notes. No—it seemed firm and safe, and would take "a deal o' work," as Bennett remarked, holding the taper close to the lock. Lance, too, had a good long look at it, and expressed the same sagacious opinion as his colleague.

Our first visit ended—and I was expected to patrol at least three times in the day—the two porters went down to breakfast, and I adjourned to the manager's room, leaving the door partly open, so as to be able to see all round the bank. I lit a cigar, and, ensconcing myself comfortably in the managerial arm chair, prepared to stay the two hours which intervened between the cessation of the church bells and luncheon-time. Suddenly old Lance appeared again at the half-opened door, and spoke in this wise—

"Scuse me, sir, but I've been a pleaceman and I don't think that lock's all right."

"Which lock, Lance?" said I.

"That there drawer with the stamps, sir."

"Well, let us look again."

So saying, we both went to the counter which contained the drawer, and Lance pointed out some small scratches on the lock, and a slight indentation in the woodwork surrounding it.

"That's a chisel if I die for it!" said the ex policeman.

"By Jove! You don't mean it?"

"Sure of it, sir."

"Well, let's have Bennett up-stairs and hear what he thinks of it."

Angry at being disturbed at his breakfast, the head-porter came grumbling to the place where I stood, and, bending down the lock, impatiently inquired if it was not a deal more likely the cashier had scratched it in the course of business. After a few minutes' further inspection, he looked up with a knowing smile.

"I believe Lance is right now; it looks so fresh. I shouldn't wonder if the watchman knew something about this."

"Perhaps so," said I; "what do you think, Lance?"

"Well, he looks honest enough—but looks ain't always a guide," said the man quietly.

"Then I'll stop in the bank to-night, and see if I can trap my gentleman," exclaimed Bennett, "if you leave me the key."

"I can't do that," but I shall report the fact to the manager the first thing in the morning.

"As you like, sir," he assented reluctantly; and they both returned to their long-neglected meal.

Again I retreated into my den, this time with the proud consciousness of having something important to relate when Monday morning should see the stream of busy workers once more settling with books and papers and filthy lucre generally. One—nay, two cigars did I consume down to the last half inch, read *Byles on Bills* nearly through, in default of more cheerful literature, and I am afraid a tiny doze must have ensued, as I was awakened by Bennett's voice close to me asking me what I would take for luncheon. Mechanically I fixed upon the hackneyed chop and with it a pint of stout, to be fetched from the only eating house that deigned to open for a couple of hours on Sunday. While he was gone I took the opportunity of making my second round, and saw nothing but peace everywhere, with the slight exception of being startled by the sudden appearance of the bank cat from the cavernous depths of the enormous coal-cellar. Eventually I returned to my room, and found a succulent chop smoking upon the table, flanked by a pewter pot of foaming stout, which on tasting, I found unusually soft and creamy—indeed I fancied I could detect a peculiar aroma in the grateful beverage which seemed to make it more than ordinarily palatable; anyhow I thoroughly enjoyed the repast, and when an intensely slumberous sensation crept through all my veins, my strongest effort of will proved insufficient to keep me awake. While I was still struggling against the impulse, Lance came in to inform me that he was going out to dine at his home close by, while Bennett was left on guard below. As he closed the door behind him, my eyes shut, and I fell asleep, but only, in a few moments, to be reawakened by his voice again addressing me.

"I don't think I'll go out to dinner, sir," said he, gazing at me with a strange expression.

"Why not?" quoth I drowsily.

"Well sir, I don't feel very bright to day, and I'd rather stop indoors and if you'd be so kind as not to mention to Bennett as I've come back. But you don't look very well yourself, sir, just now?"

"Lance, that stout has made me most confoundedly sleepy!"

"Well, have a bit of a nap, sir. I'll see the place is all right—only I don't want Bennett to know I'm here."

"All right, all right," I replied, rather shortly, for I wanted to be left to myself; yet I was somewhat surprised at his wish for concealment in so trivial a matter.

Again I saw the man go out and partly close the door, and once more I drifted in a very pleasant slumber. Then—but it was no dream this time—I was wide awake. Quickly glancing round, I discovered Lance crouching down beside my chair, vigorously applying a pin to the calf of my leg. To this proceeding I was about to enter an indignant protest, when a significant gesture warned me to keep mute. His face was white with unwonted excitement, as he rose noiselessly to his feet and beckoning me to the small aperture in the wall used for the transmission of books and papers between manager and clerks, bade me look upon a spectacle that made each individual hair upon my head stand erect. The drawer containing the stamps and gold was being tampered with before my very eyes in broad daylight. Stooping down with his back towards us was a man softly but swiftly forcing the lock with a chisel. But the man—the thief—who was he? I knew at a glance that long lean form. It was Bennett. We both shrank back.

"Take off your boots, sir," he whispered in a low voice. I noticed that his own feet were shoeless. "Creep round outside the counter, and wait till I give the word—then over and help me."

I nodded assent; and then I saw Lance crawl out upon hands and knees into the office, behind the shelter of a long high desk at the end of which he would be within a few feet of Bennett. I watched. Not yet! I could hear the mellow chink of the small bags of gold as they were hurriedly transferred to the man's pockets; then the stiff rustle of many sheets of stamps told of a like destination. I listened breathlessly. Suddenly there was a yell of mingled fright and rage, and, vaulting at one bound over the counter, I saw Bennett falling backwards, his throat clutched by the praticed hands of the ex policeman, who held on with a will, having sprung upon him silently from behind.

"Got the scoundrel at last—next thing's a pleaceman. Will you go sir, or shall I?" Here was a fierce attempt to free himself by the prostrate thief. "Perhaps I'd better stop with him," continued Lance; "you'll get a constable in a minute at the station in Old Jewry."

Seizing my hat, I was off in a twinkling, and returned in double-quick time to the bank, accompanied by a stalwart member of the City police. A few moments saw the policeman, myself, and our chapfallen prisoner marching quietly to the station, where I made the charge and left him to the solitude of a cell till Monday morning. On my return to the bank the night-watchman had arrived, and I prepared to go home.

"Why, Lance, you must have suspected him before this?" I exclaimed.

"I've thought it sometimes, sir," he laughed, "Knew I should cop him some day." Then, with a frown—"Mean, sneaking skunk! I believe he meant to try to put it on to me or the watchman here."

"Well, all's well that ends well. Lance, and it was a clever catch of yours. We have a nice story for Mr. Spofforth to morrow. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

When I walked into the bank next morning, I found the story was already known. Little knots of men were eagerly discussing the event, and I as well as Lance soon became the centre of an animated crowd. At eleven o'clock I was summoned to the board-room, to the Committee of Directors, who complimented me upon the capture, as if I, and not Lance, had been the hero of the day. In the morning newspapers there was a graphic account of the "Great Bank Robbery," concocted by some ubiquitous penny-a-liner, which my wife read and re-read with mingled pleasure and alarm. Bennett was eventually sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, which we all considered far too lenient a judgment. The ex policeman came in for the head-messenger's berth, with a house rent free and a present of fifty pounds. In addition to much very unmerited praise, I also received a bonus of one hundred pounds.

* * *

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.—Bible readers will remember the allusion to an old custom still extant in Jerusalem. A correspondent writes that one evening lately, while strolling about, he met a strange looking procession, headed by a band of unschooled musicians. At the end of the line a group of men were carrying on their shoulders a rude bower, in which a maiden of thirteen, deeply veiled, reclined. "What is this?" he asked of his guide. "It is half of a marriage procession," was the response, "and if you come here at midnight you will see the bridegroom." And sure enough—"Lo, at midnight the bridegroom cometh"—he came, a youth of fourteen. The bride was waiting for him, still veiled, at his father's house. He had never seen her face, the marriage having been arranged by a mutual friend. He raised the veil and exclaimed, "Yes, thank God," and his friends went home rejoicing. Had he meant "no" he would have said "Bosh!" and his friends would have gone home sad.

* * *

THE Japan persimmon is receiving a great deal of attention from the California nurserymen, who think that it is destined to play an important part in the fruit-growing of the Pacific States. No less than thirteen varieties are described, and some of them are represented as large as a big Baldwin apple and of a brilliant color.

BABYLON AS IT IS.—It is usual for travelers to dwell upon the utter desolation of Babylon, and to paint its site as a strip of desert, especially woe-begone and unfertile. But the eloquent gentlemen who dwell upon this aspect of the place could not have seen it lately. The date groves and gardens along both banks of the Euphrates are things of beauty in their fresh verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries, but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasantest spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers, and balmy odors regale the sense.

* * *

OIL ON THE WATERS.—When running before the wind or crossing a tideway in a storm—but seldom except when in utmost peril—the Shetland fisherman adopt an expedient which has often saved many a boat's crew. They crush—or as they call it "crop"—in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. The effect is magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but they no longer break, and it is only from their breaking close to the boat, and so being dashed in upon her and filling her, that there is danger. The rapidity with which the oil from the "crop" spreads over a considerable space of sea around is marvelous, and scarcely to be credited except by one who has witnessed the phenomenon. This resource has saved thousands of lives.

* * *

A VALUABLE VANE.—A fortnight ago high winds swept over Paris and one of the strongest gusts blew away from the spire of the church of Notre Dame the gilded weathercock which surmounted it. The dethroned bird is nowhere to be found. Whether he plunged headlong into the river or was picked up from the ground by some unpatriotic and sacrilegious pedestrian, is not known. Within the outer frame of the bird was concealed a heap of minted metal. The collection included every French piece of money current in France, whether of copper, silver or gold from a centime to a hundred franc piece. There were in addition coins of one denomination or another bearing the faces of all the sovereigns of Europe.

Scientific and Useful.

TO SAVE NAILS.—Dip the tips of nails in grease and they will easily drive into any hard wood, where otherwise they would double and break.

BURNT CAST STEEL.—To restore burnt cast steel, heat it to a bright cherry red and quench it in water. Do this a few times and then forge it carefully and it will be as good as ever.

WET AND DRY BRICKS.—Bricks should always be wet before being laid. A wall twelve inches thick, of wet-laid bricks, is equivalent to one sixteen inches thick [illegible] the bricks have been put up dry.

PROTECTING SAFES.—A plan for protecting safes is to inclose them in wire netting, [illegible] connected with a battery and bell that the division of any portion of the wire ruptures a circuit, and the bell gives the alarm.

THE TELEPHONE.—Some one impatiently [illegible] of the invention of the telephone by the Chinese in A. D. [illegible]. It is very likely. There is nothing the Chinese did not [illegible] a thousand years ago, but they invented nothing since.

LEATHER BELTS.—Leather belts used with the grain side to the pulley will never crack, as the strain in passing it is thrown on the flesh side, which is not liable to crack or break, the grain not being strained any more than other portions of the belt.

THE WEIGHT OF WOOD.—The woods which are heavier than water are Dutch box, Indian Cedar, ebony, lignum vitae, mahogany, heart of oak, pomegranate vine. Lignum vitae is one third heavier, pomegranate rather more. On the other hand, cork, having a specific gravity of 24, and poplar of [illegible], are the lightest woody products.

PLATE GLASS.—Plate glass is made by pouring the molten material upon a table which has a marginal ledge of a height equal to that designed for the thickness of the glass. A roller travels over the table, resting on the ledges and flattening out the glass, which is thus made of equal thickness throughout.

COLORING MIXTURES.—A good mixture for coloring dove and slate colors of all shades is made by boiling in an iron vessel a teacupful of black tea with a teaspoonful of copperas and water enough to cover the goods, dilute this till you get the shade wanted.

THE USE OF CHLOROFORM.—When a person is undergoing a surgical operation, and is under the influence of chloroform, there is often danger to life. If the patient shows any symptoms of a dangerous nature, lower the head and raise the feet, thus sending the blood to the brain, and resuscitation will at once follow.

FIRE PROOF SHINGLES.—Fire proof shingles may be prepared as follows: Make a quantity of whitewash in a large trough of a bushel of lime, half a bushel of salt and five or six pounds of potash. The bundles of shingles should be set in the trough up to the bands for two hours, and then turned end for end. Quite dry shingles would absorb this wash best and with the bunches opened.

A NEW FUEL.—A new fuel, formed of the residuum of petroleum and coal tar, mixed to the consistency of molasses, is expected to produce great results in all industries in which wood and coal are now used to produce heat. An experiment recently at the Brooklyn Navy Yard resulted in the generation of 5,000 degrees of registered heat, which melted pig iron in ten minutes, instead of two hours, and liquefied glass in two hours, instead of sixteen.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN.

BY [illegible]

The earth was fairer then, I think,
Than e'er I see it now;
How softly blew the warm west wind
That listened to our vow!
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ah! [illegible]
And you were twenty-three!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] O my love
[illegible]
Since I [illegible],
And you were twenty-three!
And often when the night wind sighs
Along the river side
My heart goes back with longing pain
To that sweet eventide.
But still, I love to think of it,
For nevermore, ah me!
Shall I again be seventeen,
Or you be twenty-three!

◆

The Widow's Beau.

BY C. A.

SERVICE had commenced in the neat little sanctuary. The minister had read the Psalm, the Scripture lesson, and the first lines of the opening hymn. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm.

In a second every eye was turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple.

A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when they were [illegible] quietly seated in the front pew, [illegible] before the pulpit, [illegible] there was, and how many whispers [illegible].

In vain sought the good, the sound, the eloquent Mr. Bates to gain the attention of his hearers. They had eyes and thoughts for nobody but Widow Choules and Widow C.'s young and fashionable [illegible].

How she had deceived them! Hadn't she said an hundred times or more that her heart was in the grave of her buried one, that she would never marry again? Hadn't she refused always to walk out or ride out with any of the unappropriated gentlemen of the village? Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of all these protestations, hadn't she come out, all at once, dressed all in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, the minister prayed and preached.

When the benediction was pronounced Widow Choules and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement he offered his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidingly on the beautifully-soft coat sleeve, and they passed on.

What a nooning that was in Fairhill. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober matter of fact gentlemen.

"The like of such a thing had never occurred before in the annals of the village. There was something new under the sun—a lady had had a beau, and nobody knew of it.

Widow Choules! Didn't your ears, not only the right, but the left, burn that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't dropped off—surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. Bates preached to a crowded house that afternoon, no compliment to him though. The [illegible] was in the pew before him. Every one was sure there was to be a wedding, and that the wedding would take place then, but everybody was sadly disappointed, and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they travelled then on the electric wires.

The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. But one subject engrossed the village mind. The widow's beau—that was the topic.

It actually seemed too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could.

After tea, arm in arm, with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village and away out into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

"A nice [illegible] I guess she had," drawled out old Grandma Watkins, as she listened to the widow's wanderings. "I'm glad I [illegible] with dew it must have been—but I don't s'pose she thought or cared a word about it, she's so carried away with him. But I'll give her a piece of my mind, the first time I have a chance, see if I don't. Cheating [illegible] in this way."

But the good old dame began to fear by Wednesday night she should never have the desired chance. She hurried through her washing Monday, and hastened over to the widow's as soon as possible, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. Choules and the gentleman went off in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. "Yes, and never got home till nine o'clock in the evening."

Look out, Widow Choules! Your character is on the carpet!

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a sailing with her beau, and the next day a rambling with him away off to the mountain, and on the next forenoon went with him in a carriage to the station, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight!" exclaimed Grandma Watkins. "Well, if ever I seed or heerd the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it were any worse in broad daylight than at any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too. We do at least.

There was a very large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over.

There was but one topic, but that was all sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least, he ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of numb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up, it perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet, lady like way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting;" and then she proceeded to the table, helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing, on to a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth, and the whole when completed was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed spread.

She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one.

Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in, but her placid countenance soon re-assured the most fearful and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old Grandma Watkins was the first to venture. She meant to take up the matter very delicately, and in so "roundabout a way," the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. Choules' dress.

"Why, it's a real beauty," said she, "where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quiet reply.

"Where, then?"

"In Philadelphia, last spring."

"But didn't you spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it 'way up there to the burying ground?"

"I did not, because I didn't wear it," she replied.

Here was a damper to the old lady.

After a while she took a fresh start. She would find out all about that beau before she went home. So she began by saying.

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the answer, a wee bit of emphasis resting on the "they."

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wish he had," was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies did look at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame her next question,—"well, he's a real good-looking man, anyway."

"I think so too, and he's not only good-looking, but he's good-hearted, one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so, then! But is he rich?"

"Worth a hundred thousand or so."

The old lady's curiosity was now roused to the highest pitch.

"But what's his name?"

"Henry Macon."

"Macon! Macon! Why, wasn't that your name before you were married? He's a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Do tell, if he is then? Not a cousin, I hope. I never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't. Not your cousin! But what connection is he, then, do tell, now?"

"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was rapid progress made in sewing and knitting, by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes.

Not a word was uttered, not an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the [illegible] and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. Choules and the minister, who unobserved had stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps, mind you, we only say perhaps, they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the Widow's Beau.

Our Young Folks.

Little Dick.

CHAPTER I.

CHIRP, chirp, chirrup! Chirrup, chirrup, chirp! Oh, I am so happy. I believe I could reach the sun if I tried! But, after all, the world is so lovely down here I would rather leave such flights to the giddy old lark!" and spreading his pretty brown wings with a merry rustle, little Dick flew from his perch on the maple tree to the soft green turf below.

"Good morning, Dick!" whispered a chorus of shy, blushing daisies. "We were just wishing we had your wings. Perhaps, as you like this nice resting place so much, you will lend them to us for just one-half hour."

"So—o—o!" whistled Dick, meditatively. "You don't mean it!"

"Yes, we do, Dick, or we shouldn't say so. You are not polite this morning," and the tallest of the daisies tossed her head indignantly.

"Come, don't be ruffled, my dear"—Dick was pluming his feathers with a patronizing air which was positively provoking. "Don't be ruffled. Who in the world has been teaching you daisies to talk?"

"Mind your own business!" grumbled a vexed breeze among the maple branches. "If I choose——"

"Please, Mr. Richard," interrupted a grave little daisy-bud, nestling down among her green leaves, "the South Wind gives us a talking lesson every morning now, and please, Mr. Dick——" here Tiny-dot, as the flowers called her, reddened with the effort she was making—"please, Mr. Dick, I want to ask you a question."

All the other flowers were silent, for Dot was a general favorite, and even the grumpy voice among the maple leaves seemed quite willing to be silenced by her. Dick had hopped up to her with a kind nod, and was fixing his dark eyes upon her with the greatest attention, and putting his head on one side as thoughtful birds do when they are in a meditative mood.

"Well, my child, was it?"

"You were talking just now about the wide world; is it really very wide?"

"Yes, very," gasped the bird, in a tone of overwhelmed awe. "I have never seen the end of it myself."

"You don't mean it!" shuddered a chorus of daisies.

"Yes, I do mean it," said Dick, "but I am not so foolish as some people I know, and I rather like a spice of contradiction myself. You were ready to bite my head off just now for using the very words you took out of my mouth."

Dick began his speech with an air of superior wisdom, but he subsided into a low chuckle of amusement at the idea of so large a bite for his small friends.

"I'm afraid," sighed Dot, "that there is no hope for me, then."

"What is it, little one?" asked her elder sister.

"I had been thinking that perhaps if Mr. Dick would be so very kind as to lend me his wings for a while I might be able to find that beautiful creature who smiled at us so kindly yesterday."

"How I wish I could help you, my child," and Dick hopped a little nearer to the speaker; "but I am afraid it is out of my power to teach you to fly."

"Why didn't she ask me?" muttered the disconsolate breeze overhead, "but, after all," he continued, with a quiet laugh to himself—"after all, the Germans were right when they called the daisies 'goose-flowers,'" and with that he flew up.

"Perhaps, Mr. Dick," Dot answered tremulously—"perhaps you would try and find her out for me yourself?"

"Oh do! Do, dear Dick!" pleaded all the daisies, in great agitation; "she is so lovely, we think she must be one of the angels."

"Who has been telling you about the angels, my children?" asked a broad-faced benignant sunbeam.

"Ah, that is a secret!" whispered the South Wind, as he softly shook the daisy-petals into a quivering response.

"Well," said Dick, resolutely, "I will do anything I can to help you."

Oh, how the daisy flowers danced for joy when they heard that!

"You are really rather a nice bird, Dick," remarked the Sunbeam, and then he vanished into the soft, damp earth, to work away at the roots of things.

"I think," said Dick, who was getting rather hungry, "I will call again after breakfast."

The daisies looked disappointed, but they only nodded politely, and, with a farewell chirrup, Dick withdrew.

"How very beautiful the world is!" cried Tiny-dot; "I cannot believe those dismal stories."

"They seemed real enough yesterday evening, when we were all crying," said her sister; "but now the air is so fresh and sweet, and the leaves are shaking so merrily in the sunshine, that it is impossible to feel sad, even for a moment."

"I hate spiders," muttered the South Wind, energetically.

"What are you [illegible]" inquired a white Butterfly, who had caught up [illegible] word as he hovered near.

"We heard a [illegible] yesterday evening from old [illegible]."

"[illegible] a pleasant young fellow," muttered [illegible]. "And his [illegible], he is very aristocratic [illegible] I had once the pleasure of meeting his cousin, Mr. Cricket, who resides in that magnificent building which you can just see peeping out among the elm-trees on Quellthorp Hill."

This speech seemed to excite the daisies very much indeed.

"Then, no doubt, they all exclaimed, "no doubt, you saw his friend the Spider."

"Well, really," said the Butterfly, "I can't feel sure; I have met so many distinguished people. But you were going to tell me about young Grasshopper."

"Oh," replied Pearl, the eldest and prettiest of the daisies, "he made us all feel very unhappy. He told us that his cousin Cricket had a gloomy, old friend—Spider, I think, was his name—who was exceedingly wise and learned, and he said that Mr. Spider had it on the best authority that the world was going to ruin." There was a tremor in Pearl's voice as she finished this sentence, and the other flowers were very still.

"What a very disagreeable creature!" said the Butterfly.

"But Mr. Grasshopper said," continued Pearl, brightening a little, "that he didn't believe it himself, being naturally of a cheerful temperament, but he felt it his duty to let his neighbors know the news, that they might prepare for the worst."

"The young humbug!" laughed the Butterfly, indignantly.

"Oh, but he gave us every particular," said Pearl; "he said a time was soon coming when the sun would hide his face, and the leaves would all fall from the trees, and the [illegible] would become as hard and cold as [illegible]——" (Pearl was trembling violently now)—"and he said all the flowers would wither away and die, and the clouds would break into little white flakes, and come down and bury them."

"Ugh!" interrupted the Butterfly, with an uncomfortable shrug. "Young Grasshopper was guilty of very bad taste, and—" but here for the first time he became aware that Dick, with whom he was not on the best of terms, had rejoined his friends, and was waiting to be admitted to the melancholy discussion. "I wish you good morning, Miss Pearl," said the Butterfly, abruptly, in another moment he was gone.

"Why, good people, what does all this mean?" inquired Dick. "What, crying, Dot! Nonsense, my darling, Grasshopper was a young fool to tell you such stories."

"But if it's true," sobbed poor Dot, "it's better we should know—only you haven't heard the worst yet, Mr. Dick. He said that half the birds——" then Dot quite broke down, for she had been pitying Dick's hard fate all the morning, quite regardless of her own share in the calamity.

"Come, come, Tiny," said Dick, "don't take it so much to heart, little one; I suppose you were going to say that many of the birds die of hunger, but I have known that for a long time, and I don't sit down and cry about it."

"Oh!" sobbed the daisy. "But the Spider said that sometimes it was impossible to find anything to eat, even berries."

"Almost, Tiny Dot," said Dick, bravely. "Almost is not 'quite,' you know, and I think, for my own part, that the excitement will be rather pleasant."

All this time Dot's sisters and friends had been listening with breathless attention to her conversation with Dick; but now Pearl interrupted eagerly—"But you have not told us yet whether the rest of the Spider's story is true."

"My little Pearl," said the kindly Sunbeam, who had just rejoined their circle—"my little Pearl, the Grasshopper has told you a half truth, which is worse than no truth at all."

"Thank you, Sunbeam," said the grateful Dick, "you have helped me out of a difficulty."

"Tell us the other half," whispered the daisies.

"When the leaves fall, my children," answered the Sunbeam—"when the leaves fall shivering from the trees, and the wind whistles among the bare branches, and all the sky is dark, then kind Mother Earth gathers the little flowers into her bosom for a quiet sleep beneath the soft white snow."

"That must have been what the Spider called death," murmured Dot beneath her [illegible].

"There is no such thing as death," answered the Sunbeam. "No atom in the great universe ever really dies. The form changes."

"Oh, now," said Pearl, impatiently, "if you are going to be learned, Mr. Sunbeam, we will allow you to retire into your study. But, oh!" she continued with a little shiver, "I don't want to end this beautiful life in a sleep."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POET'S FANCY.

BY E. M. S.

"Whence come your beautiful fancies?
From the earth or the heavens above?"
"From neither!" the poet replied; "they stream
From the eyes of the woman I love!
There are far more thoughts in her sunny glance,
Than stars in the midnight skies!"
"You're a fool!" said his friend. "Perhaps I am;
What's the good of being wise?
I would not change this folly of mine,
No, not for an Empire's prize!"

The Beds of Antiquity.

ABOUT the earliest data that we have concerning beds are of Egyptian origin, and they are very slight. The Egyptian usually slept on their dear day couches, which were long and straight, sometimes with a back, sometimes with carving of the heads and feet of animals at the ends, made of bronze, of alabaster, of gold and ivory, of inlaid wood, and richly cushioned. Where these were not in use, mats replaced them, or low pallets made of palm boughs, with a wooden pillow hollowed out for the head. What Egypt had, the Assyrian and the rest of the world had, and the Greek, when he could, improved upon other countries' notions, and the Greek couch, judging from the bas-reliefs on many vases, was of great elegance.

The Romans, although receiving so many of their customs and so much of their art from Greece, had very simple beds until after their Eastern conquests. Indeed, beds which with their pillows, were merely hollows in a slab of stone, have been found among Roman remains. But from the period when their Asiatic dominions increased, the Romans borrowed fashions from the conquered, and they developed a strong taste for luxury, especially in the matter of beds. Examples of the Roman form of bed are still preserved in the days of Charlemagne. In the meantime, of course, in the barbaric life of Northern and Western Europe, these forms generally being lost, it was an advance in civilization when the bench became the bed. People were fastidious enough at last to feel above sleeping on thin bundles of straw or heaps of skins upon flags.

By means of their use by the Carlovingian monarchs and their courts, the form of certain bronze bedsteads were handed down to succeeding generations—not at all the most inviting forms either. People all but sat up in these beds, so high at the upper end were the long mattresses lifted under piles of cushions. Many of them had what we call the sofa back, and frequently, instead of other filling of the metal frame, straps of leather upheld the mattresses and cushions, like the "sacking bottoms" of the last generation. In these beds the sleeper lay altogether naked, rolled in the drapery, although there was sometimes worn, as the illustrations of the old manuscripts show, a curious knotted head-dress.

After the twelfth century the bed became a different affair, made still occasionally of bronze and other metals, but most frequently of wood, carved and incrusted with ornament, sometimes inlaid, sometimes painted, and the mattresses themselves covered with rich stuffs of costly embroidery, decked off with gold lace. Curtains of a corresponding richness were either suspended from the ceiling or carried by columns over the beds. Lamps swung either within the curtained space or just outside, superstitions concerning evil-spirits being more rampant in those days than the spirits themselves, and light being supposed to have some sacramental power in keeping them at a distance.

These beds seem at first to have been quite narrow, but they gradually increased until they reached the width of something like four yards. In such beds the parents and all the children, and sometimes the dogs, were wont to take their night's rest. It was considered the proper courtesy to invite an honored guest to share the bed.

In the twelfth century curtains were attached to the cross-beams, with or without an additional canopy between them, as the case might be. At this time the bed stood out squarely in the room with the head to the wall, and with both sides free, and nobody seemed to imagine the possibility of any other arrangement. It was only after so many various divisions of the original great hall had taken place, and space become an object, that it occurred to their owners to set them closely in a corner, certainly a much less healthy if more convenient fashion. To-day there is no rule in this matter, and we set the bed as we please. Before it was pushed up closely it was customary to have an alley between the bed and the wall, or an open space called the "ruelle."

It was into this "ruelle" and beneath the curtains of the big bed that the little cradle used to be taken at night. This cradle, by the way, was at first hollowed from the trunk of a tree, and rocked by its natural convexity; in its next shape it was an osier basket; and later on the cradles were little beds placed on two pieces of bent wood; in the fifteenth century, boxed and on pivots. We read of a counterpane for a cradle furred with minever. Little holes were to be seen piercing the sides through which to pass the bands that held the child safely and the child itself was bandaged like a chrysalis, according to a custom still prevalent in certain portions of the East, and as travellers will remember, also in the south of Italy.

In the thirteenth century we see the bedstead standing low on four feet, with a surrounding balustrade and narrow gateway open on one side. The beds and the cushions were stuffed with straw husks or feathers, neither wool nor hair being then used. At this period sheets came into use; at first a single sheet was rolled about one; afterwards two were laid flat upon the bed, and hung to the floor as quilts hang, that is, not tucked in about the bed. The bed stood at that time still in the great hall, where the family assembled, where the serfs came to render account of their produce and where the culprit was brought for trial. Life was still exceedingly primitive: but color and sumptuousness were in favor and constantly advancing to greater splendor in every article. People of course did not neglect so fine an opportunity for display as this great bed afforded. In the next century the structure of the articles was hardly apparent, except for the carved and pannelled head board, so utterly was it enveloped in heavy draperies. The pane, as the coverlet was styled, was of silk velvet, cloth of gold, and all sorts of rich stuffs in gorgeous colors, brocaded with silver and gold, and lined with furs; the counterpane was merely the double of the pane, that is, the original article lined.

We do not find any mention of the bolster, although there were plenty of comfortable pillows in use before the fifteenth century, at which time the beds assumed their most exaggerated proportions. It would seem not to have been in such common use as to suffer degradation when Milton referred to it as no poet would dream of doing at present:

"Perhaps some cold bank,
Is her bolster now."

The interior of a bedroom in the early part of the fifteenth century is described as high and spacious, with a "large window at the end approached by stone steps which form capacious seats at the side. In addition to the lattice-work, there are inside shutters for the purpose of keeping out the wind and rain. The walls are covered with richly embroidered tapestry hung on tenter-hooks, and the arras hangings are decorated with fleur-de-lis. A chair displaying novel taste in its construction, with the back and cushions embroidered is at the bedside, and a couch well cushioned and covered with arras gives an air of comfort and refinement to the chamber."

In the sixteenth century the beds became columnar, and uphold the canopies and curtains that had previously been suspended in all their cumbrousness from the ceiling. There were beds of state used on occasions of parade then, very magnificent, on which sometimes the favored few sat, but where no one pretended to sleep.

Grains of Gold.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might do.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

Love is lowliness; on the wedding ring sparkles no jewel.

By bestowing blessings upon others, we obtain them ourselves.

Never punish a child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.

Never answer questions in general company, that have been put to others.

How can'st thou be a judge of another's heart, who dost not know thy own.

Patience is a virtue which some people think everyone needs but themselves.

When we dread punishment we suffer it; and whosoever deserves punishment dreads it.

To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it.

The mind that busies itself much with the future has need to be an uncommonly cheerful one.

You may speak out more plainly to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

Never enter a room filled with people without a slight bow to the general company when first entering.

Men of weak, envious, selfish natures are more apt to secretely hate a friend than an acknowledged enemy.

Never fail to answer an invitation, either personally, or by letter, within a week after the invitation is received.

It is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

Man regrets in after-life the follies of early youth; and drinks at leisure the cup of bitterness filled in haste when young.

With time everything vanishes and decays, except the virtue of the true, which will stand like a rock, and guard them unharmed forever.

When we find ourselves more inclined to persecute than persuade, we may be certain that our zeal has more of pride in it than charity.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstacies full of danger, and followed by reactions.

Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the mind of others respecting facts, characters and opinions.

Seem not ashamed of your business if it is an honest one. Better smell of the shop than cover yourself with odor and essence, which, half-disguising, render it disgusting.

Those who would render their charities useful should judiciously diffuse them. He who would have a good crop must sow with his hand, and not pour out of the sack into one heap.

The epicure, the drunkard, and the man of loose morals are equally contemptible; though the brutes obey instinct, they never exceed the bounds of moderation; and besides it is beneath the dignity of man to place felicity in the service of the senses.

The selfish man may accumulate the most property, but the benevolent man is most happy; the former may roll over beds of golden sands, and be the most miserable of Heaven's creatures, whilst the latter has a peace and joy within which he would not exchange for all the world.

Cast an eye into the gay world; what see we for the most part but a set of querulous, emaciated, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure—creatures that know own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity—the decayed monuments of error, the thin remains of what is called delight.

* * *

It is said that Franklin's appearance at Versailles in a plain suit of drab cloth was, like so many other notable circumstances, accidental, his court suit not arriving in time, and the King sending to tell him to come as he was. Be this as it may, there seems to be evidence to show that he subsequently appeared in a black velvet embroidered coat, and a small sword, and the portraits taken of him in France point to his dressing handsomely.

* * *

Mrs. A. H. Norton is a very old lady who lives in Cleveland, and who remembered attending the Lafayette reception at Castle Garden a half-century ago. The Marquis did not dance she says, but he was "extremely social, and his face wore a smile all the time. He was not a handsome man, but impressed one very favorably because of his gentlemanly manners and pleasing address."

* * *

Bouquet holders to fasten on the corsage for a small bunch of roses are brooches with a ring at the back to receive the flowers. They come in turquoises, in silver, and in yellow Roman gold, in serpent and lizard patterns, or representing a bee or butterfly amid the flowers.

Femininities.

Neither Turkish ladies nor Turks eve wear mourning.

A wealthy East Boston widow has eloped with her milkman.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of women.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Love is an intoxication. Yes, but a year of matrimony will sober you up.

"Mankind," said a preacher, "includes woman; for man embraces woman."

Age should always precede beau —therefore let the old folks retire before t o'clock.

There is in the breast of woman such a deep well of love, that no winter of age can freeze it.

The mother is as many in her family—separately and especially to each—as God is in his world.

Mild and gentle as women are, we have known the best of them who would get up in a chair to avoid hurting a mouse.

A malicious story is afloat to the effect that a Western girl went back on her lover because he was so bow-legged she couldn't sit on his lap."

The lady looks oldest who tries to conceal her age. If she refuses to let her age be upon her tongue, it will be all the more upon her face.

A young woman should not forget that when once the door of the heart is opened to a guest, there is no knowing who will come in next.

Perhaps the "lover, sighing like a furnace with an ode made to his mistress' eyebrow," would be less enthusiastic if he knew it was pencilled.

It has been said that women are the connecting link between men and angels, but marriage is the connecting link between men and women.

At the Cattle Show—Gentleman with solemnity: "Miss Florence, do you love beasts?" Lady, with vivacity: "Am I to consider that a proposal, sir?"

The handsomest bonnets for midwinter are made entirely of feathers; for a maroon costume, a bonnet composed of a maroon ostrich tip is the most elegant.

The following despatch went through by telegraph recently: "Charley and Julia met at St. Louis yesterday—quarreled and parted forever—met again to-day and married."

Better it is to sit on a barrel at the corner grocery with contentment than to repose in most luxurious easy chair adorned with a tidy in the house of the order-loving woman.

They were having a family set-to, and she asked him if there was anything in the past he would like to recall, and he heartlessly answered, "Yes, the day you first refused me."

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

It is astonishing what whopping lies young folks will give and take during courtship. The trouble with a good many marriages is that the parties quit lying when they enter matrimony.

The electric light will hurt the match trade. Because the light is so clear you can see right through paint and powder, and discover the true inwardness of her disposition. Matches will be scarce, they say.

A female help in Chicago with admirable candor informed a lady that she was looking for a place where there was an "old couple with property, but without children who would look upon me as a daughter."

"Yours squeezingly," an English lover signed his letters and he and his sweetheart used to go to sleep in the same arm chair with the same handkerchief over their faces, all of which the jury took into consideration when assessing the damages for breach of promise.

It has been remarked that women never sleep in church, and inquiry is made as to the reason of their wakefulness. If a man were compelled to make an inventory, during the one hour of church service, of the dry goods displayed upon the ladies, he would immediately understand the reason why women never sleep in church.

Mlle. X—— of Paris, meeting one of her old boarding-school friends who has just been married: "Well," says she, "are you happy? Do you get along well together?" "Happy, yes, without a doubt; but we squabble a great deal Already! and about what?" "Paul pretends always that it is he who cares the most for me, and I'm very sure that it is I!"

In the ancient theaters the female parts were played by men only. It is said upon good authority that Mrs. Colmon, who played in England in 1656, was the first actress on the stage. Soon after the Queen of James I played in private theatricals at the palace, and in 1662 Charles II encouraged the first general appearance of women on the public stage.

"That young lady tried her best to catch your husband before you married him," remarked one lady to another, as a mass of curls and braids, flounces and overskirts passed the window at which they were sitting. "I wish to the Lord she'd got him!" was the quick reply, and then a dead silence fell upon the two and wonders in crochet-work were accomplished in the next half hour.

* * *

A special dispatch from Berlin says that Mrs. Bayard Taylor's return to America is still unfixed, owing to trouble with her landlord about the lease of her house, he refusing to allow her to surrender it until the expiration of the lease.

* * *

An admirer of Caleb Cushing says that the loss to the world by his death is like that which would be felt upon the burning of a magnificent library of rare and unduplicated books.

* * *

By an actual count Mrs. John Wilhelm, near Womelsdorf, Pa., found that she had fed and given meals last year to five hundred and fifty tramps and gypsies.

* * *

Imitation feather trimmings, made of white, blue, or pink muslin, are used to trim inexpensive organdy ball dresses.

* * *

The main difference between men, insignificant and great, is energy.

Facetiæ.

Headquarters—a pillow.

A singular being—a bachelor.

Operators on change—pickpockets.

Runaway team—An eloping couple.

A man with whom it is all up—a balloonist.

Getting a bear living—capturing bruin alive.

An honest musical instrument—an upright piano.

Prize fighters show each other marked attention.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.

A restauranter announces "eighteen carrot vegetable soup."

There is no poetry in the light fantastic toe that wears a corn.

The best sleigh belles ever invented are a pair of rosy-cheeked girls.

The world is getting so wicked that it is positively risky to leave a grave over night.

"Weight for the wagon," observed the farmer as he helped his 300-pound wife to a seat in the vehicle.

"A volcano," according to a Brooklyn scholar, "is a mountain which gives forth fire, smoke, and lager."

"Once more upon the breeches," as the old gentleman remarked, slinging his disobedient offspring over his knee.

"I am not particular," he remarked when the tailor refused to trust him—"I am not particular, but I can't be suited here."

Some graceless scribbler declares that the Marquis of Lorne is the only man who ever swore allegiance to his mother-in-law.

A New York policeman declined to follow a desperado into an alley, declaring "it would be as much as his life was worth" to do so.

Coal dealers prefer Newfoundland dogs to any other breed. They weigh more, and they sit quietly on the cart while the load is on the scales.

"Free chops," is a sign hung out by a Chicago restaurant, and when the customers apply, they are shown a wood-pile and handed an axe.

The best anti-fat remedy we know of is trying to carve up a chunk of hard wood with a hatchet that was originally cut out for a hammer.

Rheumatism is frequently the result of an overdose of moisture; in other words, to be caught out in a pouring rain often ensures a roaring pain.

No matter how hard it is to find a rocking-chair during the day, a man is sure to fall over one when he is in search of the match-box after dark.

Just as the country is emerging from an unparalleled season of business depression a man threatens to publish a poem six hundred pages in length.

Mother, (noticing her son's greediness)—"George, you should always leave the table feeling that you could eat a little more." Son—"I do, mother."

"I have a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they were killed by being studied too hard."

The five stages of brandy and water—First—Brandy and water. Second—Branny and warwer. Third—Bran and warr. Fourth—Brrsorr. Fifth—Collapse!

A Western poet, who had expressed a wish to die "amidst the grand solitude of the eternal mountain tops," was killed by the explosion of a pint of cheap kerosene.

The difference 'twixt tweedledee and tweedledum is illustrated by the fact that the rich man with a great appetite is called an epicure and the tramp with a great appetite is called a glutton.

"That gun you sold me bursted the first time I fired it off," said an irate sportsman to Mr. Shoot. "That's very strange," said the latter, "it never did so before. You must have been putting powder in it."

A saloon keeper, having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign—"Trunk Factory." "Oh!" said the friend, "just change the T to D, and it will do."

After a series of careful and impetuous experiments, extending over a period of more than fifty years, the middle-aged fat men of America reluctantly admit that the art of jamming a hole through the top of a hack with a plug hat perished with the building of a pyramid.

Some people say that twenty minutes is about the proper length of a sermon. In the case of bad boys it is not so much the length of the sermon their fathers preach to them about their evil ways that troubles them, as the length of the accompanying strap.

A man remarked to one of his physicians that the concert on the previous night was very good, to which he replied, warmly, "It was, indeed, most excellent—the best thing of the kind that ever happened." "But how do you know all that? You were not there, were you?" I know I wasn't there, but I happen to know that nearly everybody that was there is under treatment for rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, or influenza. I have about fifteen cases myself, and all respectable people who pay their bills. The performance was truly excellent."

A friend of ours was at the Tabernacle one day when no seat was to be had. Turning to go out, he found that the doors were fastened. Considering an hour on his legs too decided a stand for one of his moderate interest in the revival, he taxed his wits as to the best way to effect an exodus. A bright idea soon struck him. He read with grateful eyes these words: "Inquiry Room." Although the meeting was just begun, he opened the door, and found an obliging gentleman, who at once offered his services to the early convert. Their colloquy was as follows: "Is this the Inquiry Room?" "Certainly." Well, I wish to inquire the way out." And out he came.

* * *

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, etc., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Thirty years use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

WHAT THE OWL KNOWS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Nobody knows the world but me.
When they're all in bed I sit up to see;
I'm a better student than students all.
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes—
Out at his stupid old trumpet nose
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
I write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit.
Who else can watch the lady-moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long legged fowl
On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl?
When then the oysters gape to sing by rote,
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat,
Whether round and lofty, or square and flat;
You can never do better than to trust to me
You may shut your eyes as long as I see,
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl—
I'll bury you nicely with spade and showl.

QUEEN ANNE COSTUMES.

THE ephemeral "rages" for certain periods and styles to which the fashionable world has ever been subject may be variously accounted for. Often they seem to be born of air, and changed by a breath, with no tangible raison d'être. The present rage for "Queen Anne" objects of every description is exceedingly odd—the more so, because few people seem to know what they mean by the Queen Anne period.

As plate earlier than Anne became scarce, it was natural enough for silvermaniacs to take refuge in Queen Anne spoons and salt-cellars, and from this the step to Queen Anne tables and chairs was easily made, and the transition from these costumes in harmony with them would seem equally simple; but in all this the artistic gain is more than doubtful.

The vague space of time now bearing Anne's name—as a rule, much longer and much later than her life, for recently it has begun to stretch from one end of the 18th century to the other—was marked by an absence of artistic feeling so complete and so conscious, that scarcely any attempt was made to vary the few inoffensive forms which satisfied the public. Straight lines were so prevalent, that Hogarth protested by calling on his palette the "line of beauty"—a curve. All was formal, stiff, and, on the whole, ugly.

When people say "Anne" they generally mean "George," which is hard on Anne, who, coming to the throne late in life and adorning it but briefly by reason both of the brevity of her sway and her own unostentatious disposition, never had sovereign less influence upon the æsthetic tendencies of her age.

In dress, in furniture, in plate, in nearly every department of art, Charles II.'s time stands high. The period which may be said to have begun with George III, had also much to please an artist's eye. The period between the two involved a reaction against the corrupt luxury of the court, and made itself felt as to furniture in straight lines and discomfort—the upright backs and terrible sofas of our great-grandmothers; as to dress in whalebone, buckram, and unwieldiness, a direct contradiction to the beauteous laisser aller which had outrun itself shortly before. How artistically hideous the reaction was, a very little thought makes clear.

Let us see what the fashions during Anne's life actually were. Born in 1664, Anne may have seen the undulating negligence of satin and pearl-clad beauties glide about her cradle, may have worn some Lely fashion herself before her father reigned. At nineteen (when she married) she may have sported the new "fontange," or commode ironically so called. She may have rejoiced in a "paire of lockes and curls" wired out on end. She probably decked her pleasant freundlich face with the stars and the mourning coach and horses which are seen in all their grace and expressiveness in engravings of the period. This is the more likely; as the mass of patches was no new fashion in 1683, but had been thirty years in vogue already, and was still the scorn of satirists. Bulwer in his "Artificial Changeling," 1650, first alludes to this. The author of "God's Voice against Pride in Apparel," in 1683, (the year of Anne's marriage) declares that the black patches remind him of plague spots, "and methinks the mourning coach and horses all in black, and plying in their foreheads, stands ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron." Anne probably squeezed her waist into a V form, and walked out in the clumsy garb buried in "furbelows" which we may admire in many old prints; or even sported the masculine coat, waistcoat, and walking-cane held about 1700 to be the "height of taste," and slung at her side a light rapier, and tucked her cocked hat under the arm.

At any rate, these were the vagaries of fashion in Anne's youth. At its quietest, the costumes of ordinary mortals was terribly stiff, heavy, and inconvenient; not to say unclean, concealing the mass of powder scattered in the air by the man's periwig alone. Anne's retiring nature and subservience to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was too much given to state intrigue to trouble herself with costumes, may have inclined her personally to the least obtrusive forms then fashionable; but it must also have led her not to disregard the "mode."

To those who, possessing early eighteenth-century furniture, are properly desirous of dressing in harmony with it, I may suggest the kind of attire belonging to their harmony with it, I may suggest the kind of attire belonging to their favorite period, by quoting advertisements of losses in the reign of Anne. Here is one: "A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry-colored stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-colored damask gown, flowered with large trees, a yellow satin apron trimmed with white Persian, and muslin head-cloths with crowfoot edging scarf, and a spotted hood." (From the *Post boy*, Nov. 18, 1709.)

Here is another costume, advertised for in 1712: "A green silk knit waistcoat, with gold and silver flowers all over it, and about 14 yds. of gold and silver thick lace on it." (no mean quantum for one waistcoat!) "and a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin, red and white, all in great flowers or leaves, and scarlet flowers with black specks brocaded in, raised high like velvet or shag."

If the result is somewhat vulgar in its tasteless display of inappropriate colors and immoderate ornaments, it will not be my fault, but the fault of Queen Anne. Thus and thus Queen Anne was robed, and the men were as many-colored and refulgent as the ladies.

The chief feature, however, of woman's dress during the whole space of Anne's life, was the singular indelicacy which may be studied in the pictures and the satires contemporaneous. Scarlet shag flowers and scores of yards of gold braid will be powerless to revive the times of Anne without this feature. The whole bust must be unflinchingly exposed, as it was when Richard Buxton published his book, "A Just and Seasonable Reprehension of Naked Breasts and Shoulders;" and another divine prayed, "Lord, hast Thou any Mantles for ladies, made after Thine own fashion, which shall cover all their naked shoulders, and breasts, and necks, and adorn them all over? where are they?"

Anne lived through two periods of the "commode," that terrific edifice of gummed lace which shot up from the head crest-wise, of which Addison, in the character of the Spectator, writes in 1711, "I remember several ladies that were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five," and which sprouted shortly after higher than ever, like lopped trees that gain new vigor to sprout by lopping. And this Queen presided over the introduction of the great hoop petticoat which Hogarth caricatured or did not caricature—as also, that ugly modern patten with a ring beneath the sole, so much the reverse of an improvement upon the ancient clog. She died in 1714.

The head dresses then worn were, for the most part, almost as large as could be grappled with by the strength of the spine. The wigs of the men floated to the waist, and were so powdered that their coats were "as white as a miller's, their faces besmeared with snuff." The ladies wore cushions and powder as well as the disfiguring patches, surmounted by heavy caps, with broad lappets spreading over the shoulders, and formally pinned in place.

New Publications.

The magazines for February are of exceptional merit and interest in the rich variety of their contents and illustrations. The midwinter number of Scribner's gives as the frontispiece a fine portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton. The "Tile Club at Play" contribute a finely illustrated sketch of their continued wanderings on Long Island by W. Mackay Laffan and Edward Strahan. "The Glacier Meadows of the Sierras" are described by John Muir. An article "To the Clergy" is contributed by Edward Eggleston. A poem entitled "We Met Upon the Crowded Way," is by E. W. G. "A Symposium on the Chinese Question" is contributed by A. A. Hayes, Jr. Two poems by H. C. Bunner are "She Was a Beauty" and "In a Paris Restaurant." "The Homes and Haunts of Emerson" are described by F. B. Sandborn, with fine illustrations by Homer Martin, R. Riordan and Francis Lathrop. "Haworth's" is continued from Chapters XVIII to XXII. Richard Henry Stoddard has a poem entitled "The Dead Master," and Thomas W. Parsons "A Sonnet." "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Co. C," is by Allen C. Redwood. L. Frank Tooker gives a poem called "A Winter Morning" and Charles de Kay has one entitled "Little People." The rest of the contents are continuing chapters of "Falconberg," "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," "Opportunity" (a poem) by Joel Benton, "John Leech" with a variety of illustrations from his published drawings by Russell Sturgis, "Gertrude" (a poem) by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. "Aerial Navigation," by Edmund C. Steadman. "The Overflowing Cup" by Andrew R. Saxton. "The Relations of Insanity to Modern Civilization" by H. P. Stearns, "Pott's Painless Cure" by Edward Bellamy, "Topics of the Times." "Home and Society" has some useful hints to young housekeepers by Mrs. S. W. Oakey. "Culture and Progress." "The World's Work" and "Bric-a-Brac" conclude the number.

Harper's Magazine for February is up to the highest standard in contents and the illustrations are exceptionally fine and attractive. "The Treasures of the Deep" is the opening article, and is exquisitely illustrated. "Rambles in the South of France" are concluded. An interesting little sketch is given of the late Admiral Paulding. "At the Mouth of Amazon" is another descriptive article with fine illustrations. "The Winter Sports of Canada" are graphically described and illustrated. The article on "The Old Flemish Masters" contains "Roger Vander Heyden, Jacques Jordaine, Erasmus Guellyni, (the elder) and Frans Snyders. The other contents are "Education by Hand," "Our Travelled Parson" (a poem.) A short story entitled "Moonshiners." "Young Mrs. Jardine (a novel), "Mendelssohn's Letters to Madame Moscheles," "A Story of the Plague," "French Farmers." The various departments are full of interest and variety.

The February number of Lippincott's has an interesting variety of contents, in which are the following: Edward King's first number of two papers on "Hungarian Types and Austrian Pictures," "A Gate to the Nether World," by Felix Oswald. Howard Glyndon's poem "Substitution." Chapters III and IV of "Woman's Husbands." "Ferns" (a poem) by E. S. F. "An Hungarian Artist" by John Tait. "The Colonel's Venture," by Rebecca Harding Davis. "Lord Beaconsfield" by Margaret Sullivan. Chapters XII to XXIV of "Through Winding Ways," "In a Cabinet," by Frederic W. Bird. "Carrie Fane" by Mary N. Prescott. "The Latter Days of the Blennerhassetts" by Maria P. Woodbridge. "Not Worth the While," by Margaret J. Preston. "The Daughters of the Legion of Honor," by Mary E. Blair. "Our Monthly Gossip" and "Literature of the Day" conclude the number.

The tenth issue of Mr. George W. Childs' Public Ledger Almanac has been received, and fairly surpasses its predecessors in extent and variety of useful information. As a neat and convenient book of reference for the office or household it has no superior. There is hardly anything which it is of importance for the citizen or general reader to know concerning matters of public interest that is not comprised within the limits of this little volume. It is doubly a monument to Mr. Childs' enterprise and liberality.

The Magazine of Art, for January, published by Cassell, Petter and Gilpin, concludes the half year volume. The present number is finely illustrated and opens with No. VIII of the series of "Artists' Haunts" and includes Lynton and Lynmouth, by Sidney Hodges. H Schutz Wilson has an article on "Painters Painting and Portraits." No. IX of the Paris Universal Exhibition introduces a variety of fine works of art. Notes on Industrial Art at the Midland Counties Museum, Nottingham. The article on "Our Living Artists" gives a short sketch and portrait of George Frederic Watts, R. A., and copies of his pictures Paolo and Francesca and "Time and Death." A description is given of a Furniture Exhibition at Bethnal Green Museum. The Architectural Drawings at the Royal Academy Exhibition are discussed by F. Ingress Bell. A short "Reminiscence" is given of the late John Phillips, R. A. "Congratulations" is a copy of a fine picture by M. Haynes Williams, the subject being the successful *Matador* and is very realistic in conception and drawing. "The Fool," an etching from the picture by Franz Hales, is executed with great skill and is intended for the frontispiece of the volume. The frontispiece of the present number is a copy of an unpublished sketch of "Sue Stuart" by John Phillips, R. A.

St. Nicholas comes out for February as charming and attractive as ever, and is filled with stories and pictures of interest to old as well as young. The opening chapters are given of the new serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," which promises to be as attractive in the future numbers. The rest of the contents are "A Story of a Stone" by Prof. D. L. Jordan. The "Shining Little House" a poem, by H. H. "Our Artist on St. Valentine's Day," "There was an Old Man of the Nile (a nonsense verse) by Frederick Palmer, "Birthday Rhymes," by Katherine Hausen, "Modern Improvements at the Peterkins" by Lucretia P. Hale, "Besieged by a Rhinoceros," by David Ker, "About Violins," by M. D. Ruff, "The Sad Story of the Dandy Cat," in verse, by Laura E. Richards. "The Half Timer" by Charles Barnard, "Some Children Roam the Fields and Hills," verses by Bessie Hill, "The Natural History Pictures," drawn by L. Hopkins, "Teddy's Heroes," by Austin LaForge, "The Nest on Wheels," by C. B., "The Origin of the Jumping Jack," by L. L. Beman, "When My Ship Comes in," a picture by L. Hopkins. Parts IV and V of "Rumpty Dudgett's Tower" by Julian Hawthorne. "Little Nicholas," and how he became a Musician, is a sketch of Paganini, by James H. Flint, "Heindall," a poem, by Augusta Larned. "Jottings, versus Doings," by Margaret H. Eckerson. Chapters VII and VIII of "A Jolly Fellowship," by Frank Stockton. "La Chanson de l'Hiver," in French, by Mariana B. Slade. "Polly Hersey's Pet" by Wm. M. F. Pound, "New Domino Games," by Arlo Bates, and a story by Aunt Sue for very little folks; also Jack in the Pulpit, the Letter Box and Riddle Box.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences contains articles of interest from the following contributors: T. Gaillard Thomas M. D., New York, Robert M. Wier, M. D., New York, Robert P. Harris, A. M., M. D., Phila., Joseph C. Hutchinson, M. D., of Brooklyn, "I. Edmonson Atkinson, M. D., of Baltimore, Middleton Michel, M. D., of South Carolina, Joseph Leidy, M. D., of Phila., Henry Morton Ph. D. of Hoboken, New Jersey, DeLaussure Ford, M. D., of New York, Wm. Hunt, M. D., of the Penn Hospital, Phila., D. B. Simmons, M. D., of Yokohama, Japan, and others of high standing in the medical profession. The other contents are "Reviews," analytical and bibliographical notices, and a quarterly Summary of the Improvements and Discoveries in the Medical Sciences. Published by Henry C. Lea, of this city.

Farm and Garden.

Breeding Ewes.—Breeding ewes should be fed a daily ration of about one gill of corn or, better still, about one pint of oats. They should be warmly sheltered from cold winds and drenching rains. Such treatment will give strong, healthy lambs.

Social Relations among Farmers.—Spread out on our wide prairies, hurried in business from spring to fall, if the farmer does not in winter cultivate the social affections by associations he loses all there is in life worth living for.

Birds.—All the great agriculturists of Germany have come to the conclusion not only that birds are a necessity to agricultural prosperity, but that international laws must be established, so that the wanton destruction of migratory useful birds be prohibited.

Slaughtering Animals.—No animal should be killed for food immediately after violent exercise. Under such conditions the meat will keep but a very short time and sometimes it is impossible to keep it sweet with all the salt that can be used. Hogs, especially, should be butchered early in the morning after a quiet rest during the night.

Bedding for Stock.—Good beds for all kinds of domestic animals, during the inclement weather now prevailing, are a prime necessity. The straw, coarse hay, leaves, etc., saved for the purpose can now be profitably utilized. Stables should be kept perfectly dry and sweet and a liberal use of bedding will be productive of good results.

Corn Yield.—The largest well-authenticated yield of corn was one of 140 bushels to the acre, in South Carolina, where the average is not far from twenty bushels. This shows, in a degree, the possibilities of this wonderfully-productive grain. There are those who believe in a still higher possibility of producing, with every circumstance favoring, as much, even, as 200 bushels of dry, shelled grain on a single acre of land.

Care of Farm Implements.—One leak on nearly every farm may be found in the neglect of the agricultural implements. In travelling over the country it is no unusual sight to see plows, harrows, wagons sleds, reapers and mowers, etc., piled in the fence corners, in the fields, lanes, barn yards and public highways. Whenever you see things around in this way you can set it down that there is at least one leak on that farm.

Farm Hints.—Keep a diary or daily record of your farm work and products. Don't neglect it. It costs much more to bring an animal into good condition than to keep it so. Good fences are cheaper than lawsuits with neighbors. Skin cleanliness has a great effect on the assimilation of food. It has been proved that pigs that are washed put on a fifth more flesh than pigs that are unwashed. A soft, firm, velvety skin is nearly always found on a good cow, and a thick hard hide on a poor one. Musty hay and damaged grain cannot be fed to stock with impunity. Poor seeds are dear at any price.

To Draw Willing Slaves to their feet, the ladies render themselves magnetic with Laird's Bloom of Youth. The dear creatures are well aware that in order to dominate the broadcloth sex it is only necessary for them to look lovely. A brilliant complexion being the most irresistible of feminine attractions, they take care to insure its possession by using the only certain means for obtaining it. Their sway then becomes absolute, and man kneels in homage at the feet of beauty.

News Notes.

Dr. Mary Walker has petitioned Congress for a pension.

Kate Field has raised $3,000 for the Shakspeare Memorial Fund.

The Emperor of Germany celebrates his golden wedding on the 11th of next June.

St. Louis is reported to pay over $100,000 for the teaching of the German language in her schools.

Chipmunks' skins are discovered by the people of Oregon to be available for the manufacture of kid gloves.

A well-known fish culturist has discovered the number of eggs contained in a single female eel to be 9,000,000.

Statistics show that there are 623,743 children in France between the ages of 6 and 13 who do not attend school.

"Young Ladies," at Racine, Wis., are given to dressing themselves in male attire and promenading the streets.

A barber advertises himself by a placard hung in the window as "The great capillary abridger and tonsorial artist."

It is stated that the private contributions of New York City to benevolent objects this past year amount to $2,000,000.

Buffalo Bill has made $135,000 on the stage, and he has bought 6,300 head of cattle in Kansas, where he will live.

On the 1st of January "Raffler's Guide," a complete guide to the country houses of the nobility in England, was to appear.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the English Radical, has again announced himself as a candidate for Parliament from Northampton.

In his annual message Governor Bishop of Ohio recommends that the Legislature make new laws to prevent grave-robbing.

Maine pays her women teachers smaller salaries than any other of the States. They receive only $17.04 a month, against the $50.45 of the male teachers.

Foreign merchants ship eggs to London in cheap coffins, there being more profit in selling the coffins than in disposing of other wooden packages.

The Emperor of Austria at his retreat at Ischl, is an inveterate smoker, and has on the writing table of his bedroom a number of long coarse Virginia cigars.

Bayard Taylor when he died had only begun his Life of Goethe. He had made copious notes for the work, but they will not prove intelligible perhaps to any one else.

The late Colonel Dwight, of Binghamton, N. Y., left in his will $1,000 to the press of that city, the annual interest to be used for a yearly banquet.

Ex-Governor Marshall of Minnesota is now in search of his son George, a boy of fifteen, who has run away from home, after an injudicious course of reading boy's trashy books and papers.

The King of Sweden has stopped a run on a Stockholm bank, and perhaps averted a serious panic, by opening a heavy private account with the institution whose solvency was called in question.

The Constitution of Massachusetts, ancient and stilted in its phraseology, dignifies Mr. Thomas Talbot as "Governor, Commander-in-Chief of the Land and Sea Forces of the Commonwealth, Captain-General and Admiral.

Mrs. Mary Marter, of Boston, claims to be the heir of $12,000,000 worth of property in Maryland and Scotland, left in 1728 by William Mackey, of whom she is a direct descendant, and she has employed eminent lawyers to look up the case.

It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good. The Francestown (N. H.) soap-stone quarry workmen would all have been discharged if an order had not come in for a large sarcophagus destined to contain the remains of ex Governor Onslow Stearns.

Dr. Quin, London's most famous diner-out since the time of Lord Canning, recently died at the age of over 80 years. The doctor inherited a sparkling Irish wit, and his joyous animal spirits, fund of anecdote and gay and reckless manner, made him popular at all feasts.

A shoemaker in Wales, charged with leaving his wife on the parish, was recently hunted up by an officer, and found in a miserable hovel on the top of a mountain, surrounded by an army of trained rats, which valiantly defended the castle and drove the officer away.

As an instance of the malignancy of the modern scourge—diphtheria—it is mentioned that for two years it has raged in some districts of Hungary. In one town 2,126 persons out of 30,000 have lately been attacked, and 927 have died. The malady is also extremely virulent in Vienna.

The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has memorialized the British government in favor of placing the teaching of the Irish language on the regular programme of the national schools. It says the people are desirous of learning their native language, and over two thousand teachers are able and willing to teach them.

The clergy of Collingwood, Ont., finding that there was too much copper coin in the collection boxes, hit upon the expedient of withdrawing from circulation all the cents they could get hold of—an expedient that had already been successfully resorted to elsewhere. But the church members merely sent abroad and got $100 worth of new pennies, and placed them in circulation.

The son of King Theodore of Abyssinia, who was taken to England after the fall of Magdala, is being educated for the British army. He is a slender and dusky youth, and haughty and shrewd as becomes a descendant of the Queen of Sheba. He likes his English life, admitting that a spring matress and ulster in London are preferable to a mat and bare legs and a blanket in Abyssinia.

Caleb Cushing was a man of strong passions, animal and intellectual, there was probably not a moment in his whole waking life when he was not thinking profoundly. He smoked like a steam engine, and as though there were utility in tobacco. He used profanity to impart intense emphasis to some angry expressions, but never idly or meaninglessly. He drank socially, but made the occasion invariably bear fruit by starting an argument or making a business friend.

A passenger in an Arkansas stage coach rode throughout a very cold day in thin clothes, and was taken out stiff and unconscious. He was thought to have frozen to death, and a grave was dug for him: but the warmth of the room in which he was laid thawed him out just in time to save him from being buried alive.

An extraordinary incident lately occurred at Orton, near Lancaster, England. While the children of a school were singing a hymn, preparatory to being dismissed, because the heating apparatus would not work, that apparatus worked with a vengeance, for it suddenly "went off," destroying one side of the building though, strange to say, no person was injured.

A young man in London, the owner of large estates, was recently set free from the Court of Chancery and was a subject of great interest to the anxious mothers of that city. He has just, to their horror, married a lady of the demi-monde, who was a horse tamer, and used to down Rotten Row, every morning on some horse she was commissioned to break in. Her letter to the mother of young hopeful has created much mirth in London salons. It runs thus:—"Dear Mamma; 'Enery and me have gone and got married. I know you'll forgive us. Please send down to the castle a bottle of that old rum 'Enery talks so much about. It isn't for me, for I like gin best, and 'Enery says so do you."

One of the clubs in Paris one night recently opened its doors for what was called a redoubte. As the hour of midnight struck, the members of the committee stationed themselves on the grand stair-case, to be in readiness to receive the ladies, who, masked, and for the most part in fancy costumes, began to pour into the house. It was 7 o clock on Sunday morning before the music ceased, and all the intervening glowing hours had been chased with flying feet. In the middle of the night the farandole was danced, that is to say, all the company played "Follow my leader through every room in the house, preceded by the musicians, who, by-the-by, were dressed like mandarins. The farandole, which is almost a national dance in the south of France, has rarely been executed with more spirit.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

We ask a careful reading and a thoughtful consideration of what follows. It is now over twelve years since a new cure for chronic diseases was discovered, known as "COMPOUND OXYGEN." The results which have followed its use up to this time have been so remarkable that it is beginning to attract the widest attention. Many intelligent physicians in various parts of the country have, after a careful investigation of its scientific and pathological claims, used it in cases where all other known remedies have failed, and with a success alike surprising to themselves and their patients, in Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma Bronchitis, Headache, Dyspepsia, and the wide range of Neuralgic disorders from which so many suffer life-long tortures. It has rarely failed to give relief, and in many cases to make permanent cures. It is not a drug, but a new combination of the two elements which make up our common air, giving oxygen in excess. It is taken by inhalation, and cures by natural and orderly processes—first, by eliminating the excess of carbon which has accumulated in the system; and secondly, by a revitalization of all the great nervous centres. In order to give the public an opportunity to learn all about this new treatment, we have prepared a carefully written Treatise, in which is presented a history of the discovery of "Compound Oxygen," a statement of the Scientific Basis and mode of Action, and large details of the results which have followed its administration. This is sent free by mail to any one who may desire to receive it. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. M. W. CASE'S Carbolate of Tar Inhalants now rank among the highest class of remedies yet discovered in their wonderful adaptation to the wants of invalids in general, and to Consumptives and those afflicted with Catarrh in particular. Aside from their well-known merits as curative agents, the ease (and one might say the pleasure) with which they can be used is no small advantage in their favor. At the low price at which they are sold we can see no reason why they should not be in the hands of every person who is a sufferer from either Consumption or Catarrh.

HEALTH is to be preserved before every thing else, and in our variable climate with its extreme and sudden changes of heat and cold, wet and dry, are to be found the causes of much ill health, because sufficient attention is not given to that care of the body that the changes of temperature and moisture demand. Ill health and its train of evils are the result of cause and effect. Common sense and ordinary care will do much for us all, and when we have opportunity of making a suggestion to our readers on any point where we are able to speak from experience we do so. Mr. D. W. Johnson, who advertises in our columns the Silk Insole, is doing more for the good of mankind than many doctors, and if our readers do not avail themselves of his offer the responsibility rests with themselves.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.*

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

A 32 column monthly STORY PAPER one year with 50 GOLD LEAF CARDS, with name, in GILT case, 25 cts. EAGLE PRINTING CO., Springfield, Mass. FREE

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & Co., E. Wallingford, Conn.

LOOK HERE!—20 Lovely Chromo Cards, 10c. Samples of Photo. Cards, &c. S. S. PERRY, Nassau, N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10 cents. Agents' outfits, 10 cents. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1, 1878,		$6,018,470.61
RECEIPTS.		
Premium receipts,	$1,144,068.53	
Interest receipts, etc.,	353,964.11	1,178,314.87
Total,		$7,516,503.25
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Losses and endowments,	$460,416.29	
Dividends to policy-holders,	231,386.97	
Lapsed and surrendered policies, etc.,	246,941.09	
Commissions, salaries, medical fees, etc.,	154,740.20	
Taxes, legal expenses, advertising, etc.,	84,730.32	1,178,214.87
Net assets, January 1, 1879,		$6,338,288.38
ASSETS.		
U. S. 5 and 6 per cent. bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank, and other stocks, worth $2,404,063.90, cost,		$2,309,832.98
Mortgages, first liens on properties worth $5,723,000,		2,380,622.17
Premium notes, secured by policies,		693,462.70
Loans on collaterals, etc.,		312,867.30
Real estate owned by the Company, cost		441,476.05
Cash on hand and in Trust Companies,		196,997.42
Net ledger assets, as above		$6,338,288.38
Net deferred and unreported premiums,	$98,884.79	
Interest due and accrued,	101,189.62	
Market value of stocks, etc., over cost,	94,231.22	294,305.63
Gross assets, January 1, 1879,		$6,632,594.01
LIABILITIES.		
Losses reported, but not due,	$116,628.66	
Reserve, at 4 per cent., to reinsure risks,	5,477,471.00	
Dividends on unreported policies, etc.,	59,266.50	5,653,366.16
Surplus 4 per cent. basis,		979,227.85
		$6,632,594.01
Surplus at 4½ per cent., Pennsylvania standard, estimated,		$1,346,762.86
No. of policies in force,		19,731
Amount at risk,		$29,274,597.00

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
SAMUEL E. STOKES, Vice-President. H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice-President.
JAS. WEIR MASON, Actuary. HENRY AUSTIE, Secretary.
HENRY C. BROWN, Ass't Secretary.

FOR THE WINTER.

To prevent the skin from chapping in cold weather, to make the skin soft and beautiful, use

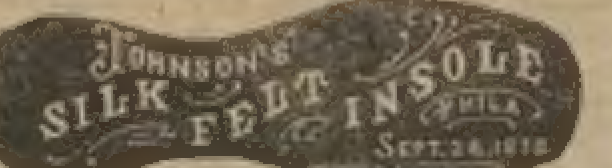
"WRIGHT'S
Alcononated Glycerine Tablet!"

TRY IT.

For sale by all Respectable Druggists.

20 CHROMO CARDS, new and elegant, with name, 10c. postpaid. Gilt Edge Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.



The above is a FOOT PAD to go in the shoe. It is thin and can be worn in any shoe without making the shoe tight. It is a non-conductor of electricity and keeps the feet warm. It is damp proof and keeps the feet dry. It is soft and easy in the shoe and relieves Rheumatism.

THE COST IS ONLY 25 CENTS PER PAIR, AND SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS.

State size of shoe worn.

D. W. JOHNSON.
323 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please state you saw this advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post.

CHOICE SEEDS! BEST OFFER YET! For only 25c. I will send for trial, before March 1, the choicest Double Portulaca, New Rose Aster, Japan Pinks, New Japan Cockscomb, Phlox Grandiflora, Petunia, Verbena Montana. A full-sized packet and mixed colors in each. Catalogue free. L. W. Goodell, Amherst, Mass.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses. SAMPLES FREE. CIGARS. Send 3c. stamp. S. FOSTER & Co., Cincinnati, O.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

40 Motto, Chromo, etc. cards, name and fancy case 10 cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M. Higganum, Conn.

40 Fashionable Perfumed Cards, no 2 alike, name in gold and jet, 10c. Ella Ray, E. Wallingford, Ct.

EVANS' IMPROVED

Rotary Job Presses

Prints 1,000 an hour—3 sizes. No. 1, 5x8 in. $45. No. 2, 8x10 in. $80. No. 3, 8x13 in. $125. Smaller self-inkers from $3 up to $20. Printing materials, cards, etc. Stamp for catalogue. W. C. EVANS,
50 N. NINTH St. Phila., Pa.
Old style $45 Rotarys for $25.

COMPOUND OXYGEN The new cure for *Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Headache, etc., by a revitalizing process.*
REMARKABLE CURES *have been made in Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention.*
REFER BY PERMISSION To Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, and others who *have used and been largely benefited by this treatment.*
SENT FREE! Brochure (120 pp.) with many testimonials to most remarkable cures. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila.

SURE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS. Prescription Free to any person who will agree to pay $1, when a new growth of Hair, Whiskers or Mustaches is actually produced. Sanderson & Co., 2 Clinton Place, New York.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.
Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left.
M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

50 New style Cards, Gold Border, Chromo, Motto, etc., name in gold 10c. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

18 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS with name, 10 cts., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

CATARRH

Is a terrible disease. Its **fearful** effects are corruption running down the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of voice, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal deformities, and finally consumption. Thousands, not knowing the great danger in neglecting this disease, die with consumption. In a few years or months it may rapidly develop, and quick consumption announce it is **too late.**

CONSUMPTION **The terror** of humanity that yearly carries thousands to an untimely grave, not sparing the young, the talented, nor the beautiful.

ASTHMA which makes life so miserable its victims almost wish for **death.**
Minister's Sore Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, and

BRONCHITIS the advance guard heralding the near approach of consumption.—For these and all Pulmonary Diseases, **Dr. M. W. Case's Treatment** by the use of his

CARBOLATE of TAR INHALANTS IS PLEASANT, THOROUGH, AND SUCCESSFUL. **SATISFACTION always GUARANTEED.**

Balsams and cordials of the most healing and soothing properties are so combined with Pine Tree Tar that the mere breathing vaporizes them into a dense smoke. This is *inhaled*—taken right to the diseased parts. **No heat, no hot water,** simply *inhaling or breathing* it, and you feel its healing power at once. As the oils and balsams condense on the air passages and lungs, their capacity is wonderfully enlarged and the hollow chest soon becomes rounded and full.

HOME TREATMENT sent to any part of the United States or Canada, to be returned if not satisfactory.

To consumptives beyond the possibility of cure the Inhalants always give great relief, and often cure cases considered hopeless. **CATARRH** is readily cured by breathing the vapor and forcing it into the diseased cavities of the head and out of the nose, and *is the the only method* by which this terrible and almost universal disease can be permanently cured. For terms, call or write.

Dr. M. W. CASE, S.W. Cor. Tenth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia.

When writing, please name this paper. Cut out and keep for reference.

EVERY FARMER

Should subscribe for an Agricultural Journal, when he can get FARM AND FIRESIDE, which gives as much valuable and interesting reading matter as ANY $2 PAPER, FOR 50 CENTS A YEAR.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,

is a large, 8-page Agricultural and Home Journal, issued twice a month, at the low price of 50 cents a year. It is a live, wide-awake Journal, ably edited, well printed on good paper. Each number contains something of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, therefore

FARM & FIRESIDE

has grown rapidly into public favor, and become a welcome visitor and great favorite in every household where known, and received more new subscribers in the year 1878 than any other Agricultural Journal.

PREMIUMS! Liberal premiums and cash commissions given those who get up clubs. We offer Organs, Watches, Clocks, all kinds of Garden, Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Maps, Hand Corn Planters, Scroll Saws, Churns, Revolvers and Shot Guns. Before buying any of these articles see our ILLUSTRATED PREMIUM LIST, which is sent free to all. 100 Grand and Costly Presents will be distributed July 1 to the 100 persons sending the largest clubs of subscribers between now and then.
For $1 we mail post-paid, one dollar's worth of seeds, your own selection, F. & F. 1 year & a 150 page book.
For $3 we mail post-paid, a handsome, well-made 7-shot, nickel-plated revolver and F. & F. 1 year.
For 85 cents we mail F. & F. 1 year and 150 page book containing 500 illustrations of flowers and plants.
For $2.50 we mail a handsome clock, called Little Beauty, warranted good time keeper, and F. & F. 1 year.
We call your special attention to the FARM AND FIRESIDE Premium Cook Book.
ANYONE sending two yearly subscribers to FARM AND FIRESIDE will receive a copy of our premium

COOK BOOK FREE

By mail, post-paid. It contains as many recipes as an ordinary $1 Cook Book. Is just the book that every wife and housekeeper needs; it tells how to cook all kinds of bread, cakes and meats; it tells how to make 23 kinds of soup; it gives 35 recipes for cooking fish, oysters, &c.; it gives 41 recipes for cooking all kinds of poultry and game; it tells how to select the best poultry, fish, meats, &c.; it gives 58 methods of preparing sauces and salads; it gives 57 recipes for preparing all kinds of vegetables for the table.

IT GIVES OVER ONE THOUSAND RECIPES

and tells the housekeeper all she needs to know about Bread, Biscuit, Rolls, Puddings, Pies, Custards, Creams, Cookies, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Home-made Candies, Antidotes for Poisons, Cooking for the sick, and many other useful things. Remember it contains as much as a Cook Book costing One Dollar.
PRICE OF COOK BOOK, post-paid, including one year's subscription to FARM AND FIRESIDE, 60 cents.
The Cook Book is given only to FARM AND FIRESIDE subscribers, or those sending subscribers.
EVERY MAN should get a copy of FARM AND FIRESIDE premium Cook Book for his wife and daughters.
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The most thorough ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA *for executing written orders* IS THE MAIL DEPARTMENT *for samples & supplies* AT THE GRAND DEPOT THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT OF

JOHN WANAMAKER.

SEND PENNY POSTAL CARD *specifying* WHAT IS DESIRED *to* JOHN WANAMAKER GRAND DEPOT. 13TH ST. CHESTNUT & MARKET. PHILADELPHIA. and by return mail SAMPLES AND PRICES WILL BE SENT OF ANYTHING WANTED

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

IN MIDWINTER Fashion fairly revels in the variety of her caprices and vagaries of dress, and we find ourselves in a bewildering chaos of materials and modes, all competing for a permanent supremacy.

While there is much in this variety which will have but a transient existence, there are others which can be accepted as the foundation for any future variety Fashion may indulge in, and then, the changes she introduces, will be but modifications of the present popular styles, of which, the short dress is the prominent feature. It has been adopted with so much satisfaction for the walking and elaborate visiting dress, it should suggest itself to the ruling powers of Fashion as a reformation in dress which has long been needed, and the distinctive line which the short dress has now defined as the one which should separate the house dress from those intended for street wear, should be sustained permanently, and the changes which inevitably ensue in the revolutions of fashion, should now banish the short dresses from its position, as the most appropriate model for a street costume. It is said that it has already encroached on the established style of the ball dress, and these will be made with short skirts, a change which will, no doubt, be welcomed by those whose pleasure at a ball consists mostly in dancing, where a train can never be disposed of with elegance or becomingness. As a change has been inaugurated in the style of dancing, and the taking of steps has superseded the passive walking, which has so long been popular in the quadrille, the short dress for ball costumes is a necessary accompaniment to this change.

Among the many charming styles for these dresses is that of the Louis XV with paniers of greater or smaller proportions, with the skirt short enough to show the exquisite shoe which is now as elaborate as any part of the toilette. Paniers, jackets, waistcoats are all in vogue for evening wear, and silk, moire and brocade are the materials.

We must accept the fact that our toilette consists of a variety of different pieces and of different fabrics; in a dress, for instance, there is a variety of materials, and if it be of the number of the number of those of a costly nature, in which a large quantity of material is not employed, the trimming possibly is not more expensive than would be others of lace, passementerie, or embroidered braid. Brocaded and embroidered fabrics are chiefly employed in place of other trimmings, and serve for waistcoat, plastron, revers, quilles, &c. Other materials have been introduced to supply this new want, and in addition to embroidered satins and tulle, both very costly, there are terry velvets, Oriental silks, and fancy velvets, which are employed not only in the form of trimmings, but also for jackets opening on a plain-colored gilet, and for simulated tunics.

Jackets and waistcoats continue to be the rage. The Caponl jacket with wide revers spreading over the chest. The Grand Duc is a close imitation of a gentleman's coat and waistcoat.

The Polignac jacket is made of shot plush, of satin in soft blended shades of moss green and wood brown, sapphire with emerald green ruby and gold, and other combinations of color. In some cases the revers are extremely deep, and turn back quite to the shoulder in the "Incroyable" style, allowing the rich material with its varying shades to show in all its brilliancy. A jabot of lace completes the toilette, and long revers of material matching the waistcoast ornament the sides of the skirt.

A more serviceable toilette is of Lincoln green cloth trimmed with silver braid. The pleated skirt is short and wide, the upper skirt is draped at the back very simply, and a long tight-fitting casaque has Incroyable revers opening over a long waistcoat of the same cloth. Long tight sleeves trimmed like the collar with Irish guipure, which is now one of the favorite laces in Paris, especially for parures and for trimming children's dresses.

A visiting toilette shown me recently was of seal brown faille satin and cashmere. The skirt was pleated in alternate groups of four satin and four faille pleats; the tunic of cashmere, was Princesse shaped at the back and bordered with two bias bands of faille and satin with a ball fringe of velvet and satin, the back was draped on paniers with loops of satin and faille. In front a very long Louis XV. waistcoat trimmed with large seal brown passementerie buttons. Very stylish costumes are made of seal brown Indian cashmere, with satin and bands of seal-skin forming the trimming. All kinds of dark colors are in vogue; young ladies have adopted ruby and garnet, but not to the exclusion of other shades, for many very lady-like costumes are made in St. Louis blue, gendarme blue, Russian grey bronze, and other colors.

Old pictures, and especially old portraits, are the source whence some of our leading modistes obtain the fashions they require, but the paniers of to-day are very modest imitations of those worn in the last century; at present, they generally take the form of puffs, placed more or less in front; it is not an easy matter for a figure to look graceful and elegant when the width is increased by paniers; it is stated, however, that these soft puffings of materials will by degrees lead us back to paniers such as were adopted by the belles marquises at the court of Versailles.

Bridal toilettes this season are very handsome; brocade, satin, and silk are employed, and the dresses made with very long trains. The most exquisite lace is used in ornamenting these toilettes, which cannot be too fully trimmed to suit the present mode.

While there are many of extreme extravagance there are also more economical bridal toilettes, which are ornamented with Mechlin lace and sprays of orange blossom, reaching from the throat to the edge. A large bouquet composed of white roses, myrtle and orange blossom is worn on the left side at the waist, and a wreath to correspond is placed on the head. The shoes are of fine white kid with pearl or crystal buttons. The veil is generally of tulle illusion, but when the parents are wealthy it is of rich lace, Brussels, point d'Alençon, or similar kinds of lace.

In the various designs for dress, whether for street for house wear, we can see how much these changes have effected the drapery, for instead of the flat scarfs smoothly arranged on the close-fitting skirt, we now have the drapery caught up with such looping and puffings as indicate the gradual restoration of the bustle and crinoline.

The prettiest lingerie, like the most becoming toilettes, is borrowed from olden days; full muslin bows which give so much softness to the face, fichus and lace cravats and bows are all copied from old models. A fichu of Breton lace, a la paysanne, and crossed on the chest under a bouquet of flowers, is one of the prettiest and simplest styles; jabots are made of Indian muslin, trimmed with fine pleated flounces falling in cascades of lace reaching to the waist; butterfly bows are made of Indian muslin and Bruges lace; an Abbe Galant cravat is of Indian muslin with double pleatings of Mechlin lace; a regence bow has three large loops trimmed with old Venice point. For wearing with open dresses there are plastrons of Indian muslin entirely pleated by hand with a lace ruche round the neck.

Our Fireside Chat.

How to Wash Lace.—The washing of lace is seldom attended with success, on account of the ignorance of the proper manipulation. The following is the Parisian mode, which renders the lace equal to new. Scrape a little of the best yellow soap into hot water—a pint or a quart, according to requirements. Add to the liquid a tablespoonful of turpentine and a spoonful of ammonia. Leave the lace to soak in the mixture for half an hour, then press with the knuckles without ever attempting to rub it. Rinse in several tepid waters, meanwhile handling the lace as little as possible, and dry in a linen cloth by gentle patting. The second process consists of an immersion into weak gum water, the preparation of which requires careful judgment, as different kinds of lace require a different consistency. The only object is to give just the necessary support; if the solution be too weak, the lace will be flimsy, and if too strong an ugly stiffness will be the result. Afterwards place the lace on an ironing board of the length of the lace, which should be previously covered with folds of colored thick flannel or woollen material. The color that shows up the design the best saves the sight. With a few lace pins secure the article, neither stretching nor leaving it too loose; then proceed to the most tedious part of the work by setting pins in every purl and along the top edge, slanting them outwards, and particularly avoiding to prick any in the meshes or in the pattern. On the completion of this tiresome task, the groundwork will be nearly dry, but the flowers, scrolls, &c., will still feel damp. These can either be ironed dry, to appear flat, or, if desired, raised by a small ivory stipple, called in France "pied," being four inches long, rounded at one end and slightly pointed at the other. With this little rule rub gently and deftly over the design; then wrap up the board in muslin, lay it aside for a few hours, or even till the next morning, when the stipple operation is repeated. On the removal of the pins the purled edge stands out beautifully, a most essential point for the good effect of the lace. If, as often happens, the fragile picots have been torn, the purling must be at once replaced by a bought one. From its delicacy, lace should be washed as seldom as possible, and if it has acquired the true yellow of age, no attempt must be made to bleach it. Of late, Fashion has induced many ladies to repeat our grandmother's stratagem of dipping lace into a bath of indelible coffee water; however, such contrivances are not advisable for the real point, such as Argentan, Alencon, Angleterre, &c., which may always be worn white.

If getting up worn out lace, dispense with the gum bath, and in preference, after having well patted and pinned out the lace, dip the feathers of a quill pen into a gum solution rather thicker than the water, and wash over the designs only, leaving the meshes free. Instead of gum, a strong solution of white sugar can be used with advantage for the stiffening.

Embroideries.—Quaint and curious designs are the most sought after now for embroidery, and nothing seems to show to greater advantage than the screen which has a place now, either useful or ornamental in so many homes, which have been beautified by the tasteful handiwork of the family. One unique specimen represents a pale blue night sky, with a large moon at one side and long rays of light represented by horizontal bars of silver thread, across which flit four or five black bats of an almost disgusting naturalness. The effect is surprisingly weird and unearthly. Another screen shows a soft and graceful spray of our Autumn wildflower "golden-rod," with clusters of the purple Michaelmas daisy, all done in silks and wools, and with a delicacy second only to painting itself. The despised sunflower, too, has become a reigning favorite. Reed grasses "cat tails," frogs, lizards, beetles, butterflies, storks, herons, and even the little "ladybug" appear, not on screens only, but on baskets, table-covers, chair cushions, sofa pillows and tidies, and on painted tiles, butter plates, and porridge-bowls. There is another style of needlework quite as easy of execution, perhaps even easier, and which is the very next thing to outline drawing; in fact, many specimens of it are simply copies of celebrated works of art on plain white linen. Raphael's cherubs, so familiar to us all, are in this way made to decorate "pillow shams" or bureau covers, and are reproduced with astonishing fidelity, simply by the use of plain blue woolen thread on the white ground-work.

Roasted Rabbit with Chestnuts.—If any of the readers of the *Fireside Chat* are fond of roasted rabbit, they will find the following a delicious way of cooking it:

Take two dozen large chestnuts, prick each with a penknife, put them in a saucepan of cold water, and boil them for a quarter of an hour, when drain and peel them. Parboil the liver of a rabbit, and cut it up finely; pulp a dozen chestnuts, add chopped sweet herbs, nutmeg, pepper, mace and salt, and a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, cut small. Mix together and put this stuffing inside the rabbit; sew it up, and hang it before a moderate fire, basting it with fresh butter. Then prepare a sauce with the chestnut pulp, rich gravy, a glass of sherry, and a bit of butter rolled in flour; stir it over the fire a quarter of an hour. Take up the rabbit when done, lay it in a dish, and pour the sauce over it; garnish with sliced lemon and serve it. *Mrs. L. G.*

Oranges are very abundant and inexpensive now, so I can commend the following method of preparing them: Make a very clear orange jelly with a pint and a half of water, six oranges, sugar to taste, a wineglassful of sherry, and an ounce and a half of isinglass. Divide two or three oranges into quarters and with a sharp knife carefully remove from each quarter every particle of skin of any sort. Have two plain moulds, one about an inch and a quarter more in diameter than the other. Pour a very little jelly at the bottom of the larger mould, and place in it a layer of orange quarters prepared as above (if too thick they should be split in two lengthways); cover them with more jelly, but only put in enough to get a smooth surface. Lay this on ice to set. When it is quite firm put the small mould inside the large one, taking care to place it exactly in the middle, so that the vacant space between the two moulds be of the same width. In this vacant space between the moulds dispose prepared orange quarters, filling up the interstices with jelly, until the whole of the space is filled up. Place the mould upon ice, and proceed to whip a pint of cream with half an ounce of isinglass and some sweetened orange juice, which must be added to it a very little at a time, else the cream will not rise into a froth. When the cream is ready and the jelly set, remove the inner mould by pouring warm water into it, and fill up the inner space of the chartreuse with the cream. Set it on ice for an hour, turn out and serve. *New York.*

The abundance of apples this winter enables one to use them for many nice little dishes for dessert without much expense, and as a variety of good recipes for preparing them is desirable, I think the many readers of the Fireside Chat will be pleased with the following:

Wordsworth Pudding: Stew six large apples add 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, when this mixture is cold add six eggs, the juice and rind of a lemon, one glass raisin or ginger wine, mix, and bake in a dish lined with paste. *Apple Cheesecake:* ½lb. apples stewed, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. butter, the rind of one lemon, the juice of two, and two eggs; bake in patty pans lined with paste.

A Maltese Recipe: 2lb. good cooking apples, pare them and core them, and, as you pare each one, throw it into cold water, to prevent its turning brown. Put ½lb. loaf sugar into a very clean stewpan with three pints of water as soon as it is melted and boils, put in the apples with the juice of two lemons; stew gently till sufficiently cooked, but not broken. Then take them out, and lay them in the dish in which they are to be sent to table. Cut the rinds of the lemons into the thinnest possible strips, and put them into the syrup; boil till tender, then strain the syrup over the apples, and dispose the lemon strips round them. To be served cold.

Net Mending.—This is more than ever in request, not only for hammocks, fishing and garden nets, but also lawn tennis games, thus coming directly into the limits of ladies' work. The netting is cut so as to leave an even row of whole meshes on every side; and, after carefully unpicking each knot, the vacant space is filled up with the help of the bend knot and twine slightly finer than the original.

A New York paper states that a beautiful girl in Iowa named Jemima recently committed suicide because she could find no diminutive for her name ending in "ie." A few hours afterwards came a letter from a class-mate beginning, "Dear Mimmie," but it was too late, and she was borne to the grave by eight companions, named respectively Abbie, Bessie, Carrie, Dollie, Ettie, Florie, Georgie, and Hattie. We are inclined to discredit the above intelligence, for our observation leads us to believe that it is impossible to give a girl any name that she cannot terminate in "ie"

In China, plain white is the proper color for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and everything about the person, even down to the end of the silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

A little fellow ran to his mother the other day and asked, "Ma, can I have some bread and jam?" His mother, wishing to break him of the vicious habit, replied: "When I was your age I couldn't get anything to eat between meals if I wanted it." "Yes," said the boy after a moment's pause, "but you didn't have a good, nice mamma like me, did you?" That settled it in favor of the young flatterer.

We were sensitive about good behavior when a boy. It always brought tears into our eyes to see a naughty boy in school put red pepper on a hot stove.

Dresses made up of lace and muslin or organdy are still very popular, they now come in the shape of slips worn over white or light tints of silk.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, behaving as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

A rolling-pin gathers no velocity if let alone; but let a woman swing it three times, and then let it fly, and all the science in the dodging art is useless.

"Go on, young man, she is not here," said a Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday in the midst of a sermon, to a youth he saw standing hesitatingly in the door way.

Sense shines with double lustre when set in humility. An able yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

A little girl in Rochester, N. Y., in rough play with some of her schoolmates, was kicked on the shin, and died of lockjaw in consequence.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel than to revenge one.

Answers to Inquirers.

J. P. R. (Fairmount, Iowa.) We never heard of the poem you speak of.

VAROS, (Phila., Pa.)—The Spanish Inquisition was abolished in 1812.

AMATEUR, (Boonsville, Pa.)—Reptiles become torpid when the temperature is below 40°.

ESSAY, (Phila., Pa.)—The attempt made by Richard Lawrence to assassinate General Jackson, occurred in 1837.

S. LORING, (Morris, N. J.)—Subjects for a debating society are to be gleaned from all the passing events of the day.

JOHN, (Otsego, N. Y.)—She is a silly girl to have any correspondence with you. We have no advice to give to men who write letters to women under an assumed name.

J. S. (Union, N. J.)—When lovers quarrel and break off their engagement, it is usual and proper to return each other's letters, portraits, and presents, but there is no actual law on the point.

EPIPHANY, (Stearns, Minn.)—The custom of placing the boar's head on a Christmas table was more a matter of form than as a contribution to the feast. It was seldom cut at the Christmas banquet.

BINAH, (Rockingham, Va.)—Judging from the letter in which you ask how best to pass your time, we should say try to improve your mind by reading and such self-education as will atone for early deficiencies.

TIME, (Adams, Wis.)—When your lover promises to call he ought to keep his word; but when he does not promise, his occasional absence must be excused. Do not seek to tie him too much to your apron-strings.

A. A. (Polk, Mo.)—Having deserted from the regular army he is liable to be arrested at any time for that offence. What degree of punishment the authorities would inflict in any given case, is of course impossible to say.

NAUTICUS, (Richland, Ohio.)—The displays of temper and the excitability of which complaint is made are partially, perhaps altogether, the effect of disease. Better take the sufferer to a physician who has made a special study of epileptic insanity.

TARIFF, (Richmond, Va.)—France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery and fancy goods generally. Prussia, linen, woolens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines and porcelain.

E. R. H. (Maury, S. C.)—The word "shilling" is supposed by some to be derived from the Saxon "schilling;" by others from the Arabic term "scheckel," signifying a weight; but others again, with perhaps greater probability, deduce it from the Latin "siciliscus," a quarter of an ounce, or the forty-eighth part of a Roman pound.

DAD, (New York, N. Y.)—There is, or was recently, a regiment in the British regular service known as the Royal Americans. It was raised in this country by Lord Howe, in 1756. He was killed at its head in the attack on Ticonderoga, when held by the French in 1758. Sir Jeffrey Amherst—afterwards created Lord Amherst—was its colonel.

CURIOSITY, (Phila., Pa.)—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," is said to be found in an English song composed for Augustus Graham. The words and music are by George Linley, who was born in 1798, and died in 1865. It is not known when the song was written, but it was set to music and published in London about 1848.

COLLECTOR, (Nashville, Tenn.)—Of the silver half-dollars having a fancy value those of 1796 and 1797 are the most valuable, choice examples of these dates being worth from $15 to $20. Good ones of other years previous to 1806 will bring from $2 to $4; and then they are of little rarity until 1836, when a specimen with reeded edge and head of 1836 is valued at $4.

SPERO, (Pottsville, Pa.)—We do not quite understand the voice changing as described, and finally "breaking"—to use the term employed in the question—without some throat mischief. It would be well to consult a physician who has made a special study of throat disease, and who is expert in examining the physical organs of the voice.

EVERTON, (De Kalb, Ind.)—Take the saying for what it is worth. It is said that the growth of the hair is unusually rapid in that disease in which the functions of the lungs are more or less abrogated, namely, pulmonary consumption; and certainly many are but too well acquainted with the long silken eyelashes, and long, streaming hair of the sufferers from that distressing malady.

LUKE, (Covington, Ala.)—The number of changes which may be rung on a peal of seven bells are 5,040; on twelve, 479,001,600, which, at two strokes a second, would require ninety-one years to complete. The changes on fourteen bells could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years, and on twenty-four they would require more than 117,000,000,000,000 years.

PEDRO, (Rice, Kans.)—It is the duty of erring mortals to forgive every injury that is acknowledged and repented of; but it does not follow that we are bound to restore the man who has cruelly wronged us to his former place in our esteem, however sincere his repentance may be. In many cases, this were simply impossible, and we are not required to perform impossibilities. Nor are we bound in all cases to accept mere verbal assurances of repentance.

DANIEL, (Hays, Tex.)—Yes; but you may carry over-caution and over-preparation so far as to defeat your own purpose. Washington Irving tells us of a Dutchman who, having to leap a ditch, went back a mile that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely out of wind when he arrived at the barrier again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side until he recovered his breath.

R. W. (Macomb, Mich.)—Perhaps the two young ladies did not see you on the occasion referred to. If they did see you and avoided speaking to you because of any objection on their part to making the acquaintance of your mother and sister, you should of course decline their acquaintance in future. You say you love them both to distraction. Now this will not do. A man can only properly love one girl to distraction at a time.

NELL, (Carroll, N. H.)—There is no standard price for a novel. The author can make his demand according to his reputation. A beginner in the literary world must content himself with a very small remuneration for a first work, and it must be very good to induce any publisher to venture upon the speculation at all. Thus the author of yesterday who was glad to take fifty dollars for a work, may to-day be enabled to demand five hundred.

D. (Washington, D. C.)—We must decline to assist you in carrying out your intention or wish to go upon the stage. The facts which you adduce as reasons for your choice show that you have chosen wrongly. You say that you have an impulsive temperament and excitable disposition; also, that you are adverse to hard work. Such being the case, the environments of an actress would be totally unsuited to you, and would ruin you, body and soul. It is your duty to tone down your impulsiveness and excitableness by good, honest work in some useful avocation. By so doing, you may become an ornament to society as well as a blessing to yourself and friends.

ANXIOUS, (Phila., Pa.)—True and manly affection is the sympathy of an appreciative mind for an object felt to be worthy. It does not depend on words or fancies, or the response elicited, though reciprocity intensifies, as it seems to justify, the affection bestowed; when love is self-created and self-sustained it is part of the man's own nature and cannot be laid aside or destroyed at will. Crush out all that can be crushed. Your calculation of the advantages and disadvantages of loving is sound with respect to all destructible or avoidable affection. Meanwhile, when the genuine passion is stirred you will no more be able to repress it than was Canute able to drive back the rising tide, even though judgment whispers, and whispers truly, "Affection brings sorrow in its train."

H. (Bucks, Pa.)—David Techler was a German, a pupil of the celebrated Steiner, and a violin maker of great merit. He was first established at Salzburg, and went afterwards to Venice, where he caused so much jealousy among the other makers that at length they threatened him with assassination unless he left the place immediately. He very prudently took the hint and went to Rome, where, whether because the skill of his fellow workmen was greater and therefore not so much injured by him, or their jealousy less, he was allowed to remain in peace, and ended his days there. His violins are of considerable value. The word Liutaro, always found on his label, may mean that he belonged to the ancient company of the Liutists, who at one time exercised the monopoly of violin making.